

HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

TALES CALCULATED TO DRIVE YOU

No. 10
APRIL

L.N.

10¢



...Another drink and with chalk in hand, the vagabond began To sketch a face that well might buy the soul of any man. Then, as he placed another lock upon the shapely head, With fearful shriek, he leaped and fell across the picture-dead.

- FROM

THE FACE UPON THE FLOOR

H. KURTZ & SONS

YOU TOO CAN LEAP
AND FALL ACROSS THIS
COMIC BOOK DEAD WHEN
YOU SEE THE FACE UPON
THE FLOOR IN THIS ISSUE
OF MAD!

I Dreamed I Went to a Fraternity Smoker in my PANIC MAGAZINE!



I WAS UPLIFTED FROM THE DEPTHS OF DESPAIR BY THIS REVEALING EXPERIENCE! I LAUGHED SO HARD I ALMOST BUST THE BINDING! I WAS THE CENTER OF ATTRACTION... THE STAR. EVERYBODY WANTED TO DANCE WITH ME! I WAS RUSHED! SO BE POPULAR LIKE ME! WEAR PANIC! RUN DOWN AND GET INTO YOUR COPY AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND. IF YOU'RE THE SHY TYPE AND WOULD RATHER DRESS AT HOME, THEN YOU CAN SUBSCRIBE BY FILLING OUT THIS COUPON AND MAILING TO:

THE PANICKY EDITORS OF:
PANIC

ROOM 106
225 LAFAYETTE ST.
N.Y.C., 12, N.Y.

PLEASE SEND ME THE NEXT 8 ISSUES OF PANIC FOR WHICH I ENCLOSURE ONE DOLLAR (\$1.00)

NAME _____

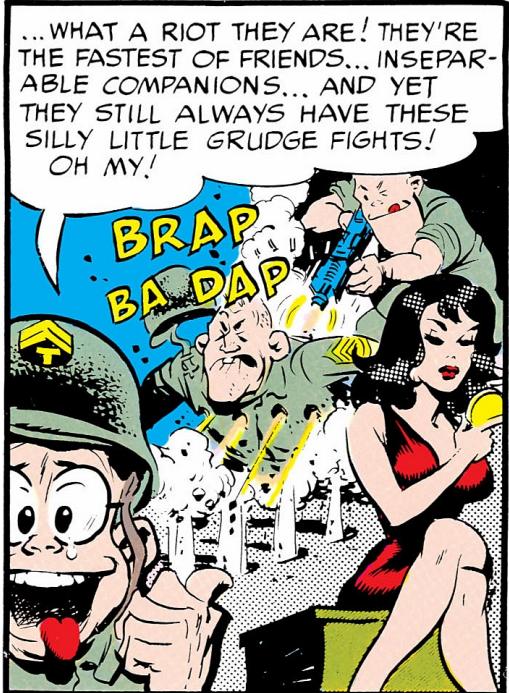
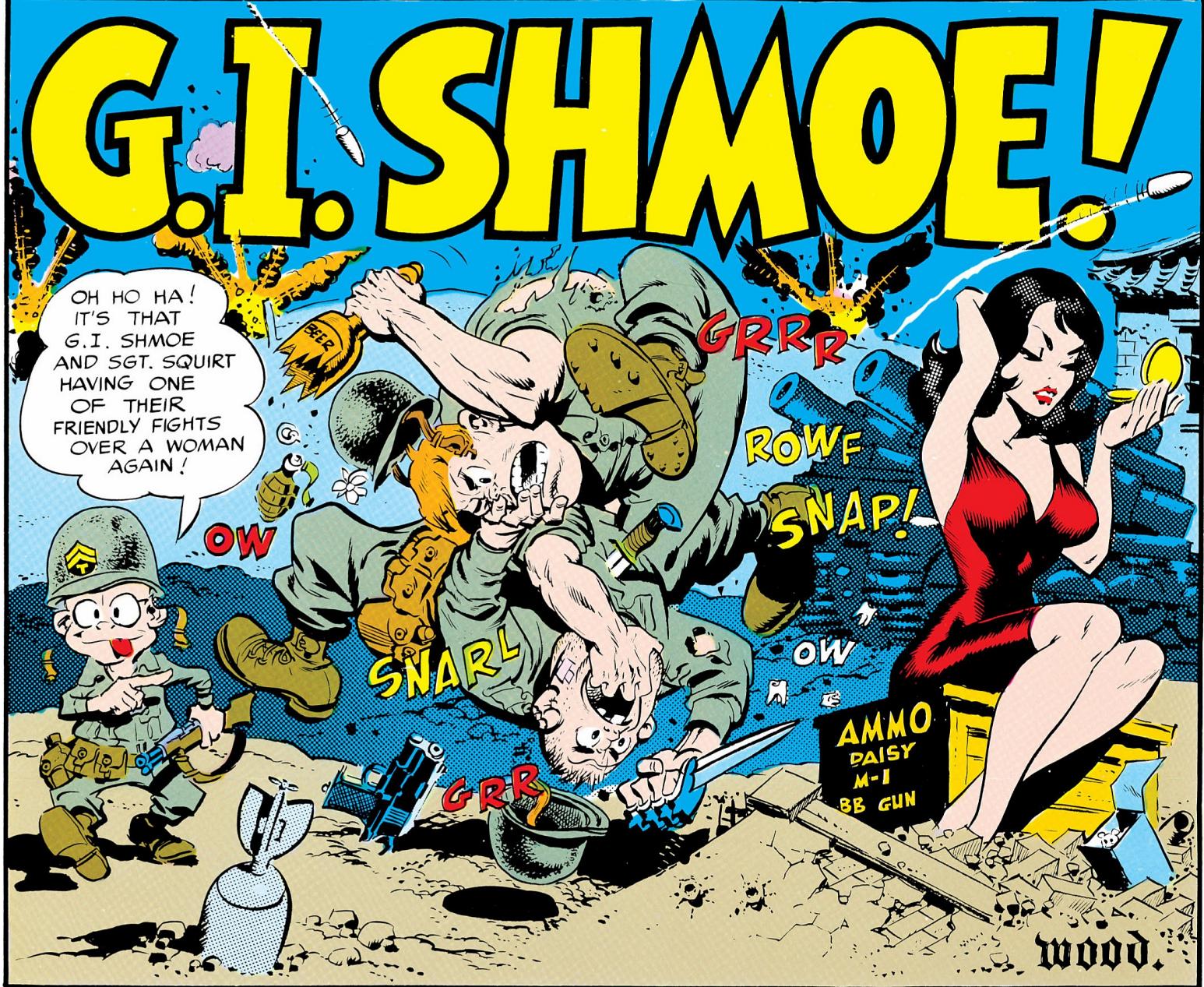
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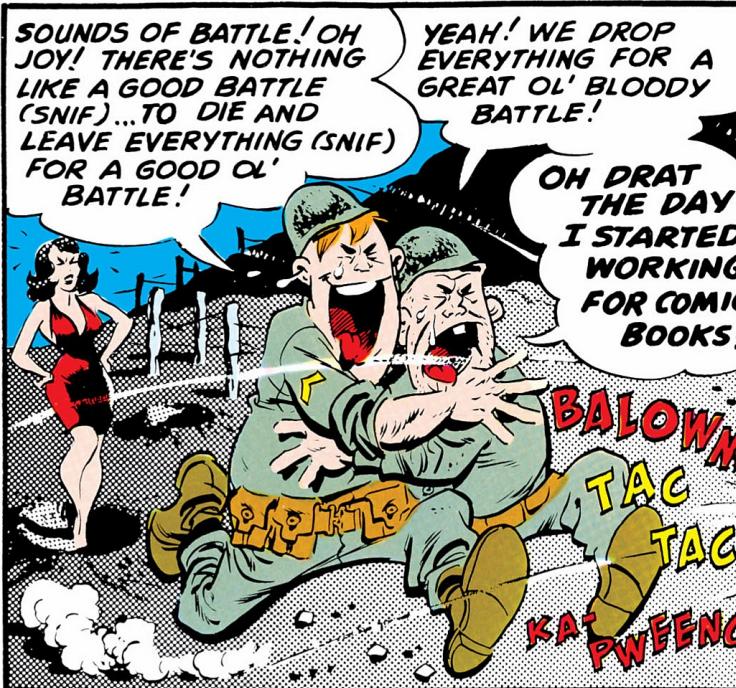
ZONE _____

STATE _____

WAR COMICS DEPT.: THE TRUCE HAS BEEN SIGNED IN KOREA! FOR SOME TIME, WE HAVE BEEN ITCHING TO SINK OUR TEETH INTO ONE TYPE OF LITERATURE BORN OF THE WAR!...WE THINK THE TIME HAS COME! ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THIS STORY AND REAL WAR IS TOTALLY ACCIDENTAL!... IT IS WITH THE SINCEREST RESPECT THAT WE DEDICATE THIS LAMPOON TO YOU **REAL** SOLDIERS WHO HAVE HAD TO PUT UP WITH THE **GLAMORIZED** WAR COMICS LIKE ...

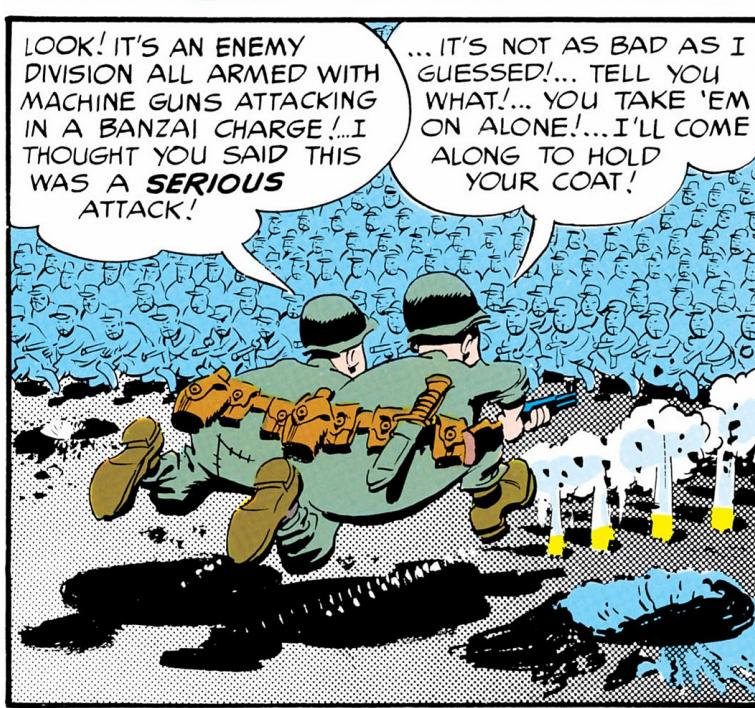


G.I. SHMOE! G.I. SHMOE! LISTEN! CANNON-FIRE UP FRONT!... SOUNDS OF BATTLE!... AND YOU KNOW THAT WHENEVER WE HEAR SOUNDS OF BATTLE, WE DROP EVERYTHING AND RUN TO THE SOUNDS OF THE BATTLE!



LOOK! IT'S AN ENEMY DIVISION ALL ARMED WITH MACHINE GUNS ATTACKING IN A BANZAI CHARGE!... I THOUGHT YOU SAID THIS WAS A **SERIOUS** ATTACK!

... IT'S NOT AS BAD AS I GUESSED!... TELL YOU WHAT!... YOU TAKE 'EM ON ALONE!... I'LL COME ALONG TO HOLD YOUR COAT!

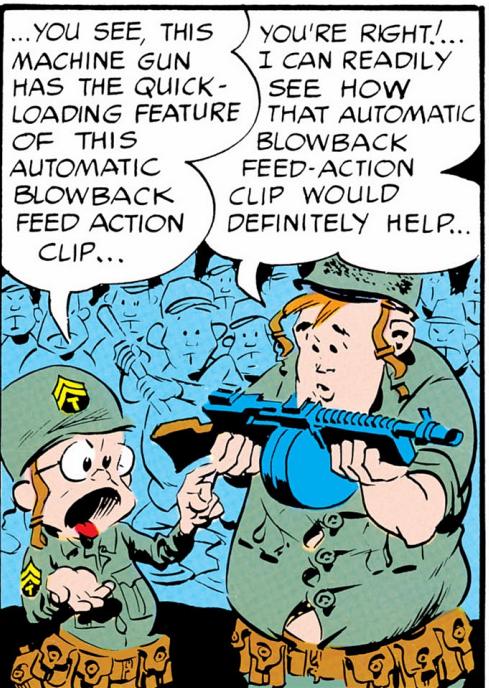
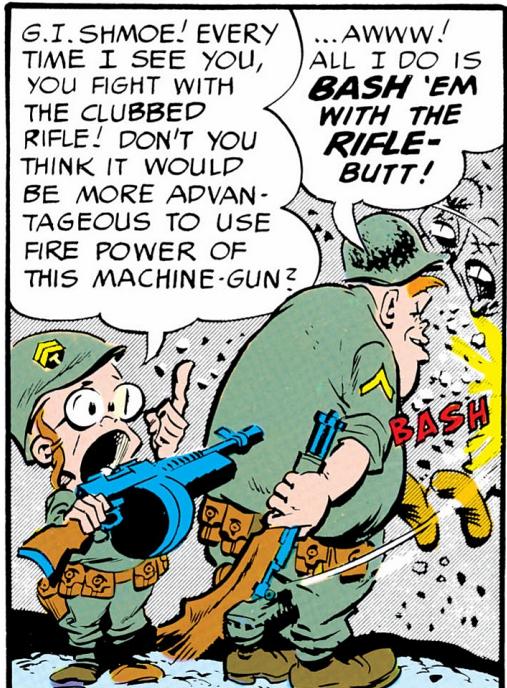


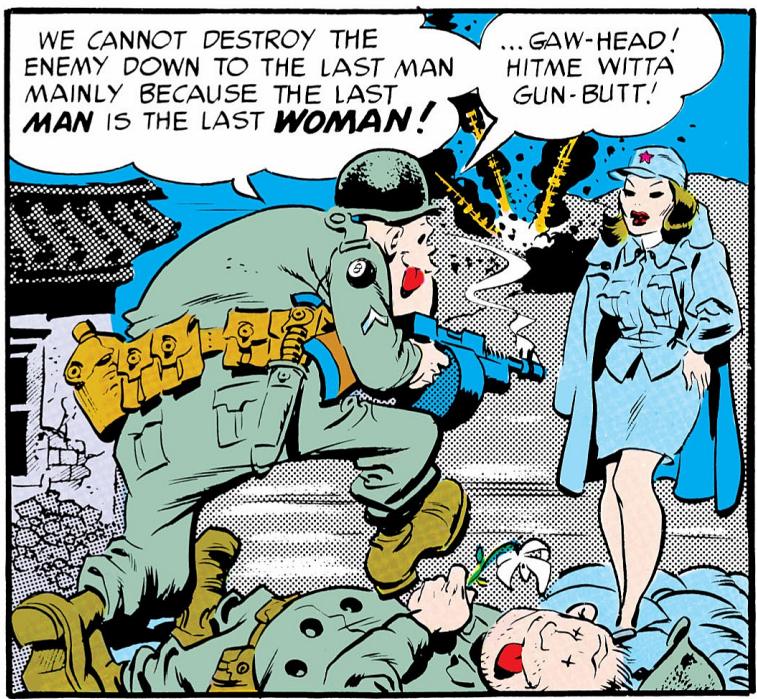
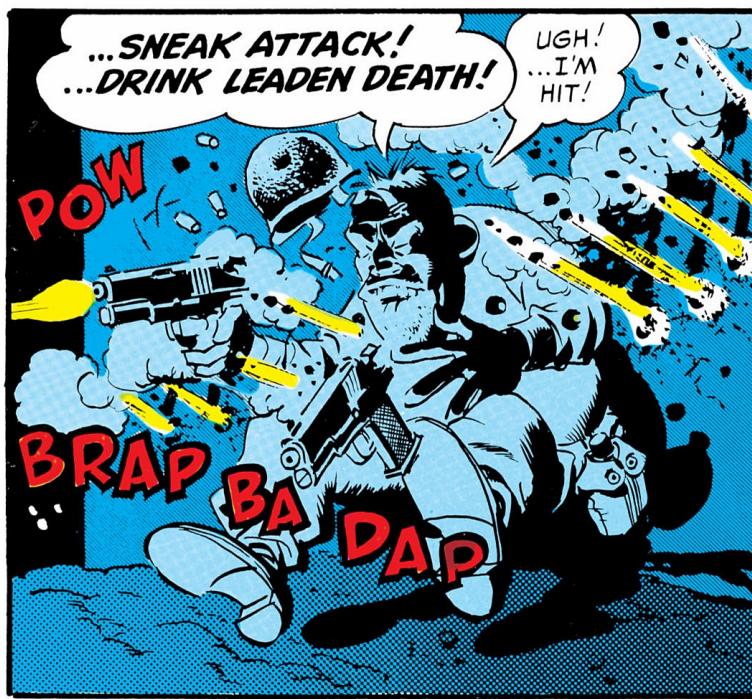
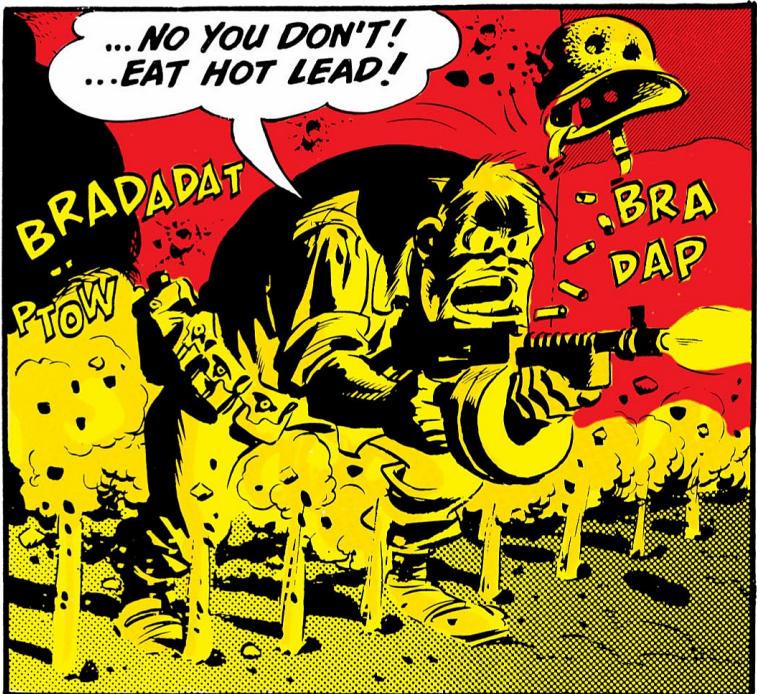
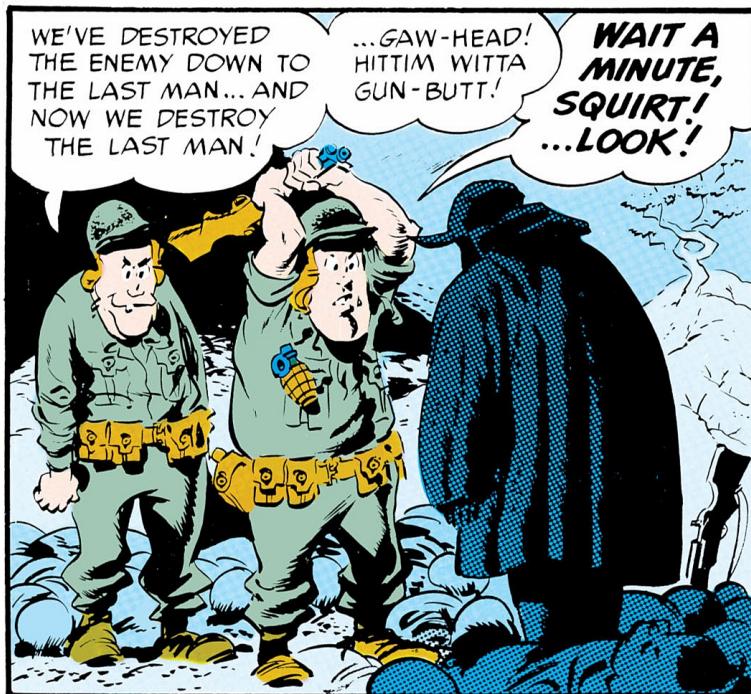
G.I. SHMOE! EVERY TIME I SEE YOU, YOU FIGHT WITH THE CLUBBED RIFLE! DON'T YOU THINK IT WOULD BE MORE ADVANTAGEOUS TO USE FIRE POWER OF THIS MACHINE-GUN?

... AWWWW! ALL I DO IS **BASH 'EM WITH THE RIFLE-BUTT!**

... YOU SEE, THIS MACHINE GUN HAS THE QUICK-LOADING FEATURE OF THIS AUTOMATIC BLOWBACK FEED-ACTION CLIP...

YOU'RE RIGHT!... I CAN READILY SEE HOW THAT AUTOMATIC BLOWBACK FEED-ACTION CLIP WOULD DEFINITELY HELP...





OH BABY... THE WAY YOU ASK FOR CHEWING GUM... I GET A PRICKLING SENSATION UP AND DOWN MY SPINE!

DON'T TAKE **HIS** GUM, BABY! I'VE GOT **INDIAN** GUM WITH FREE PICTURE TICKETS IN EACH PACKAGE!

BR-RUP!

GOOD WORK, COMRADE! BY CAUSING THEM TO FIGHT EACH OTHER, G.I. SHMOE HAS FIVE BULLETS IN HIS SPINE AND FOUR BULLETS THROUGH HIS HEART! SGT. SQUIRT HAS SEVEN BULLETS IN HIS HEAD AND A BAYONET THROUGH THE GUT! I THINK THEY ARE SUFFICIENTLY WEAKENED FOR CAPTURE!

HERE, O' COMRADE COMMANDER, ARE THE AMERIKANNER SHVEINHUNT WHO HAVE BEEN CAUSING SO MUCH TROUBLE!... WE FINALLY CAPTURED THEM BY PROVOKING THEM TO FIGHT OVER A WOMAN!

THAT'S A FILTHY LIE! WE NEVER FIGHT OVER WOMEN!

G.I. SHMOE!
G.I. SHMOE!
LOOK AT O' COMRADE COMMANDER!

VERY GOOD, COMRADE LIEUTENANT! WITH G.I. SHMOE AND SGT. SQUIRT CAPTURED, NOTHING STANDS BETWEEN US AND WORLD CONQUEST!

AND NOW WE TORTURE YOU FOR INFORMATION! WE SHALL THRUST SHARP BURNING BAMBOO SLIVERS UNDER YOUR FINGER NAILS! WILL YOU TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW?

NO! NO!

AH! BUT WE HAVE MORE EXQUISITE TORTURES THAN THIS!... WE WILL PUT YOU ON **PERMANENT K.P.**! NOW WILL YOU TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW?

YES! YES!

WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS...

...HEY, JOE!
...YOU GOT CHEWING GUM?

HUH?

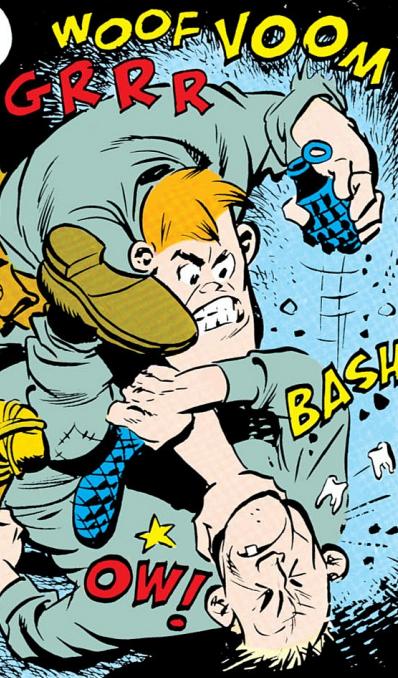
HAVE YA?

VERY WELL, AMERICANS! IF YOU WILL NOT TELL US SECRETS, THEN ROT IN A CELL WITH THIS OTHER AGENT OF THE UNITED NATIONS!

LOOK, G.I. SHMOE! A NICE QUIET CELL! WELL... AT LEAST WE'LL HAVE PEACE AND QUIET WITHOUT ANY WOMEN AROUND TO FIGHT OVER!



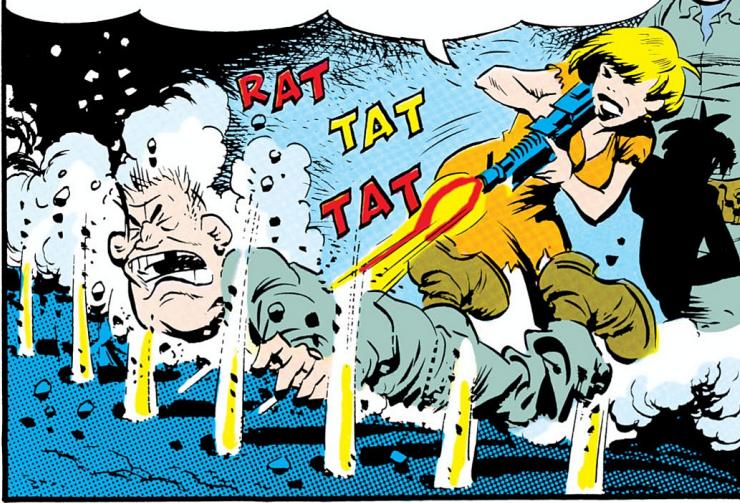
...BUT I... THE OTHER AGENT OF THE UNITED NATIONS... AM A WOMAN!



O.K., BABY! SH!...QUIET!... LISTEN TO ME! THERE YOU'RE ALL IS NOT MUCH TIME! I HAVE INFORMATION THAT I **MUST** GET OUT OF HERE! ONE OF US MAY STILL ESCAPE AND SO YOU MUST LISTEN CAREFULLY TO WHAT I HAVE TO SAY TO YOU!



BUT FIRST... IF WE ARE OVERHEARD... WE ARE LOST!... NOTHING...NOBODY MUST HEAR WHAT I HAVE TO SAY TO YOU! IF NECESSARY... WE MUST TAKE DRASTIC STEPS TO DESTROY ANYBODY WHO MIGHT OVERHEAR WHAT I HAVE TO SAY TO YOU!



... WHAT I HAVE TO SAY TO YOU IS SO IMPORTANT... WE MUST DESTROY ANY LIVING THING THAT MIGHT OVERHEAR WHAT I HAVE TO SAY TO YOU!



EVERY LIVING ANIMAL THING WE MUST DESTROY THAT MIGHT WITNESS WHAT I HAVE TO SAY TO YOU!



...HEY, JOE!
... YOU GOT CHEWING GUM?



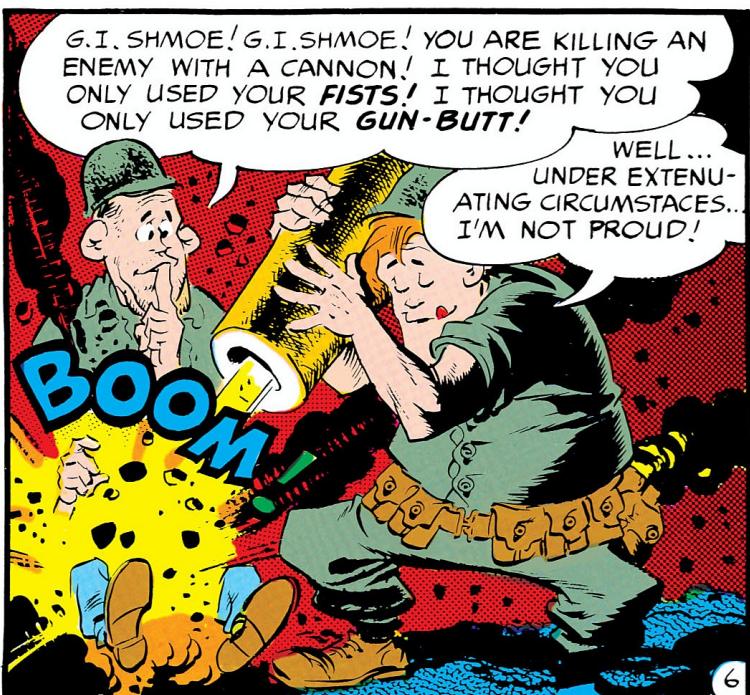
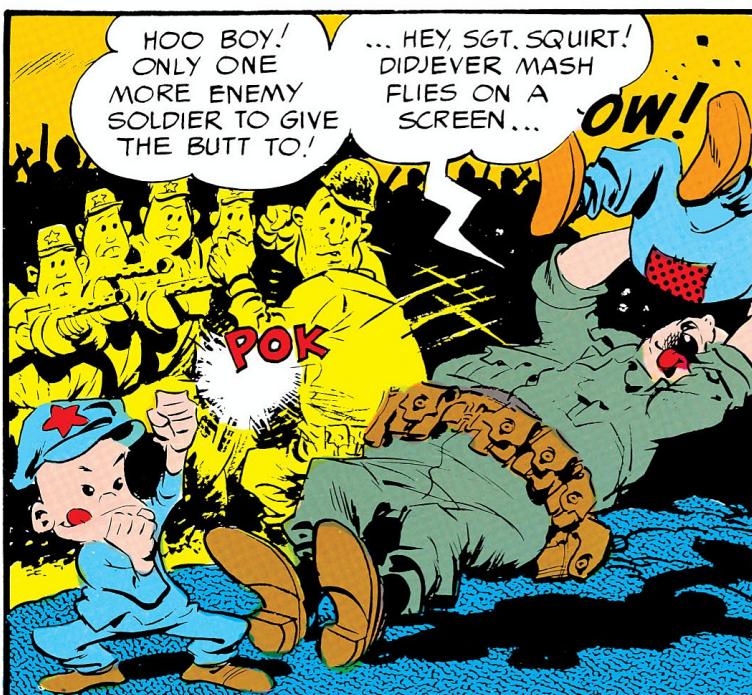
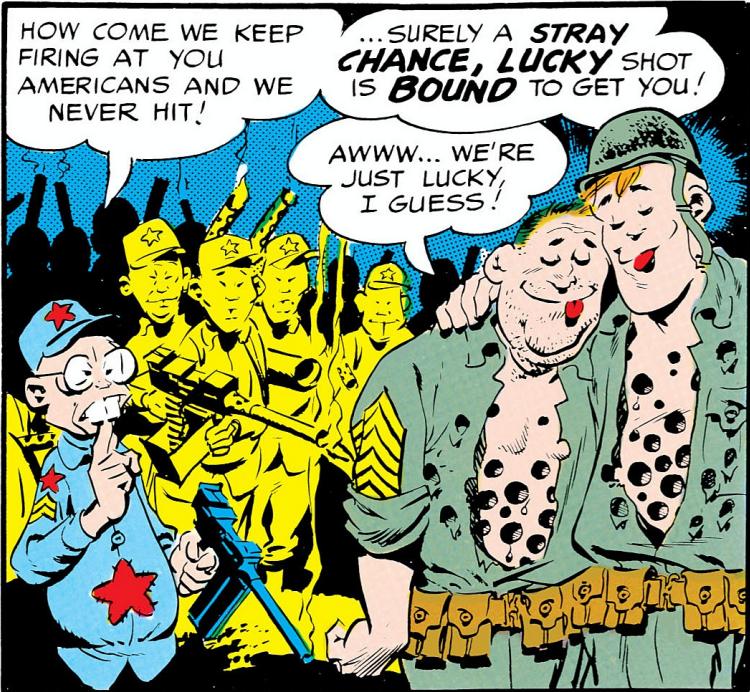
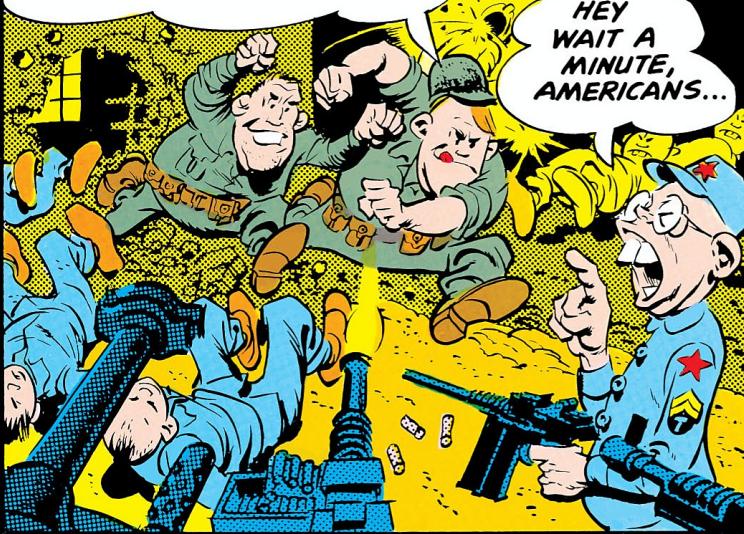
O.K., SGT. SQUIRT! I'VE GOT INFORMATION THAT'LL CHANGE THE WHOLE COURSE OF THIS WAR! WE'VE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE! FORTUNATELY, THEY HAVE MERELY HALF A DIVISION ARMED ONLY WITH LIGHT WEAPONS TO GUARD US!

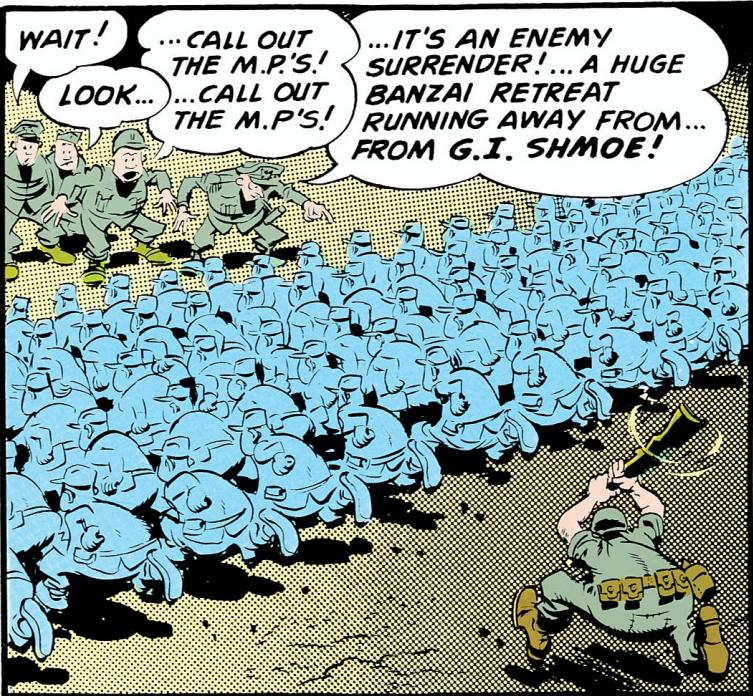
HEY
WAIT A
MINUTE,
AMERICANS...

HOW COME WE KEEP FIRING AT YOU AMERICANS AND WE NEVER HIT!

...SURELY A STRAY CHANCE, LUCKY SHOT IS BOUND TO GET YOU!

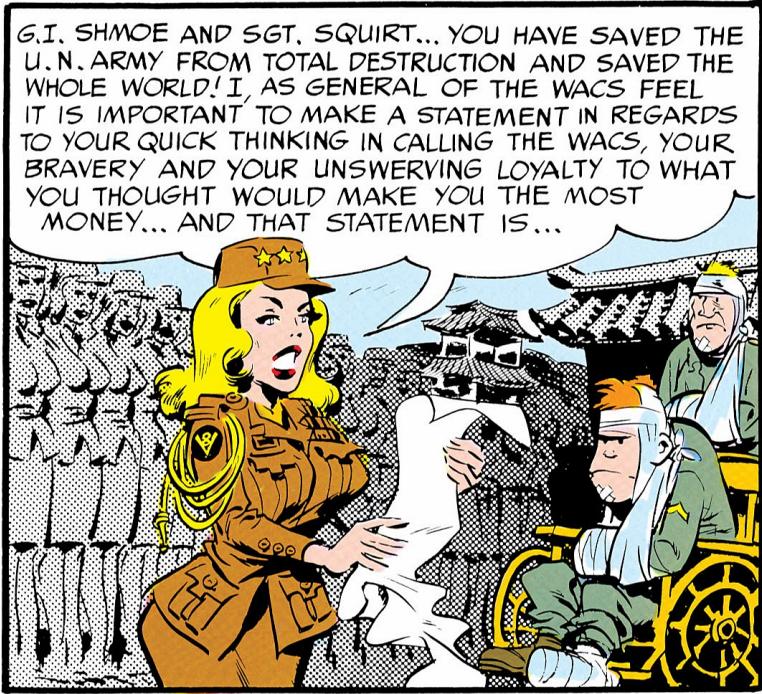
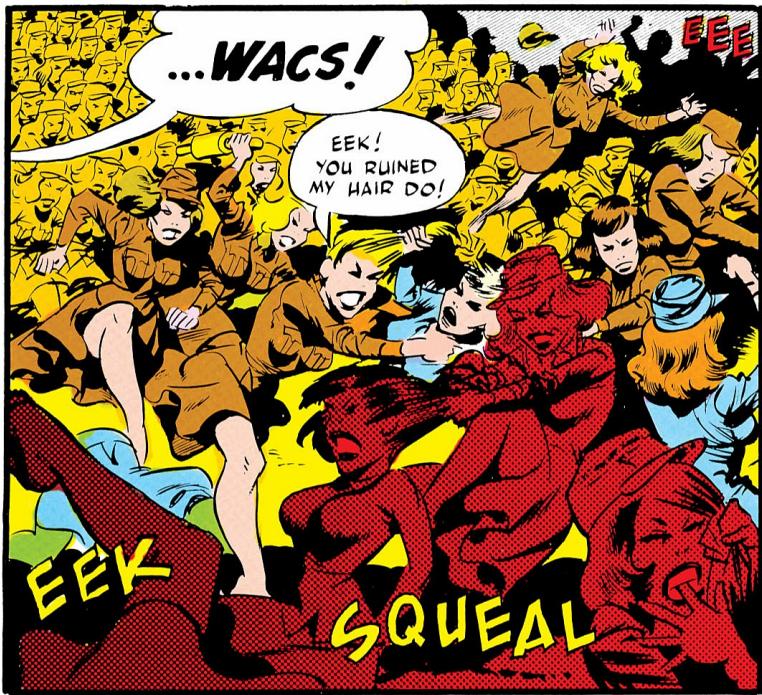
AWWW... WE'RE JUST LUCKY, I GUESS!





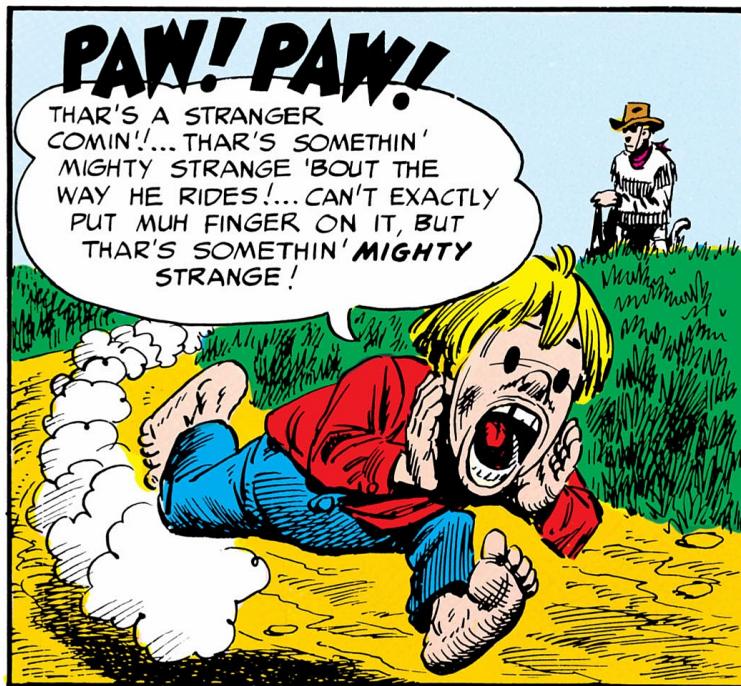
G.I. SHMOE! YOU AND SGT. SQUIRT HAVE SINGLE HANDEDLY TAKEN OVER THE ENEMY ARMY! I'LL SEE YOU BOTH GET A WEEK-END PASS FOR THIS!... AND NOW IF YOU WILL LEAVE THE ROOM AND ALLOW ME TO QUESTION THE ENEMY COMMANDER...





WESTERN DEPT. WESTERN HOLLYWOOD, THAT IS!.... TENSION WAS RISING ON THE PLAINS! SQUATTERS... FARMERS... WERE MOVING ONTO THE UNFENCED CATTLE RANGES... PUTTING UP FENCES... PUTTING UP BARNs... PUTTING UP HOWARD JOHNSON RESTAURANTS! INTO THIS FURSHLUGGINER MESS RODE A STRANGER WITH THE CRAZY NAME OF...

SANE!



LISTEN, MISTUH! I DIDN' COME
LOOKIN' FER TROUBLE... I MERELY
COME LOOKIN' FER A REST ROOM!

... NOW, DON'T GET MAD,
STRANGER!... SAY!... I COULD
USE A HIRED HAND ROUND-
ABOUTS HYAR! LOOK AT
MY FINE HOLSTEN COW!
WILL YUH STAY?

I'M A-
GOIN'!

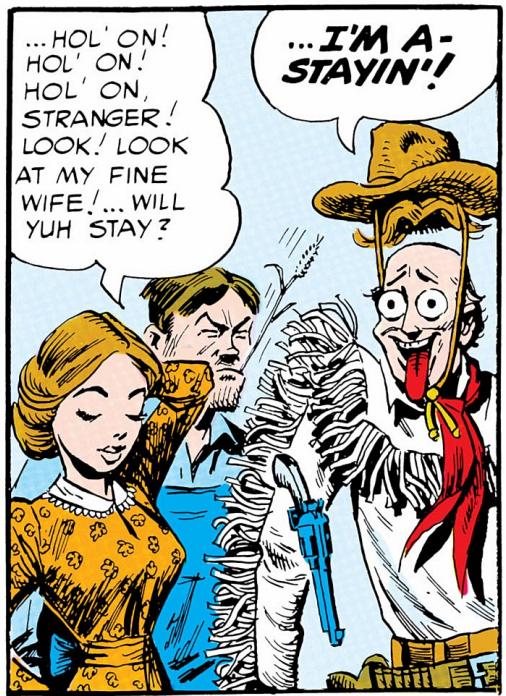
... HOL' ON! HOL'
ON, STRANGER!
LOOK AT MY
FINE BOY... WILL
YUH STAY?

I'M A-
GOIN'!

CHOMP!
CHOMP!
CHOMP!

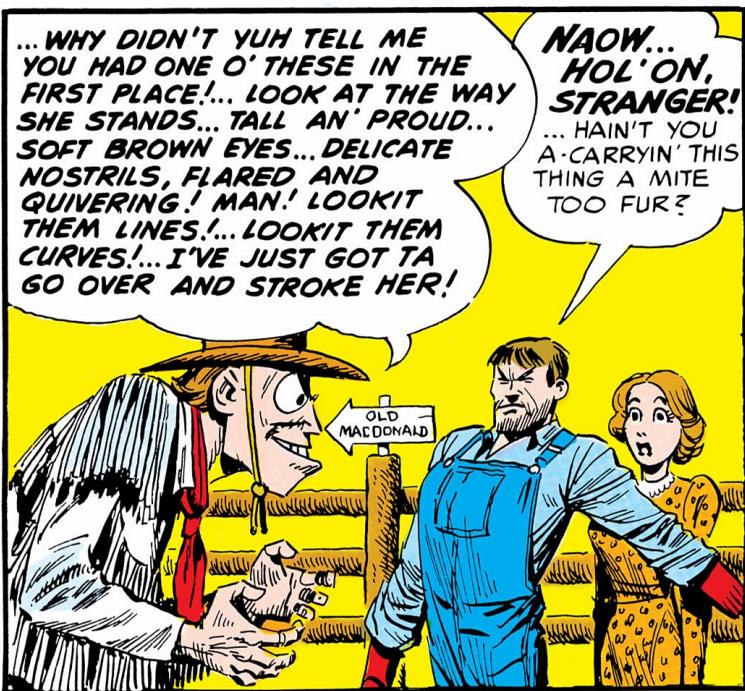
... HOL' ON!
HOL' ON!
HOL' ON,
STRANGER!
LOOK! LOOK
AT MY FINE
WIFE!... WILL
YUH STAY?

... I'M A-
STAYIN'!

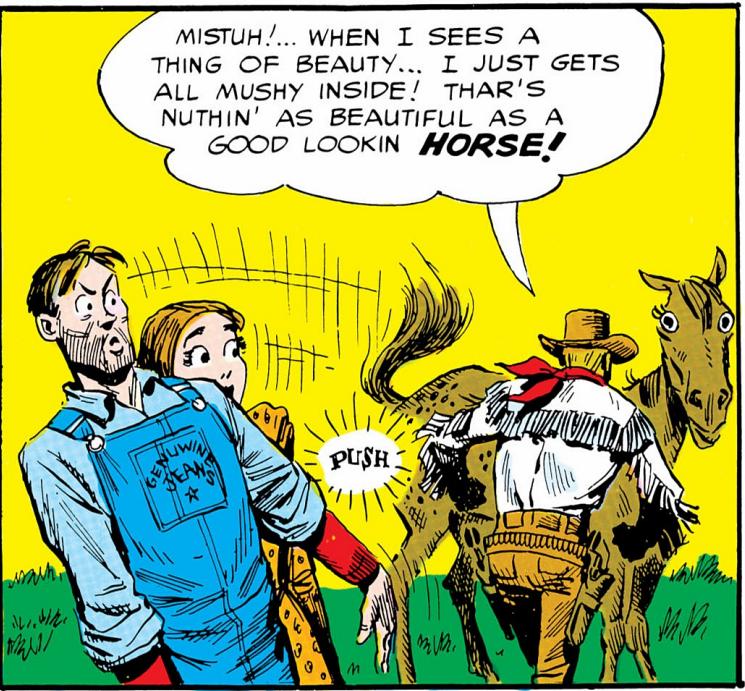


... WHY DIDN'T YUH TELL ME
YOU HAD ONE O' THESE IN THE
FIRST PLACE!... LOOK AT THE WAY
SHE STANDS... TALL AN' PROUD...
SOFT BROWN EYES... DELICATE
NOSTRILS, FLARED AND
QUIVERING! MAN! LOOKIT
THEM LINES!... LOOKIT THEM
CURVES!... I'VE JUST GOT TA
GO OVER AND STROKE HER!

NAOW...
HOL' ON,
STRANGER!
... HAIN'T YOU
A CARRYIN' THIS
THING A MITE
TOO FUR?

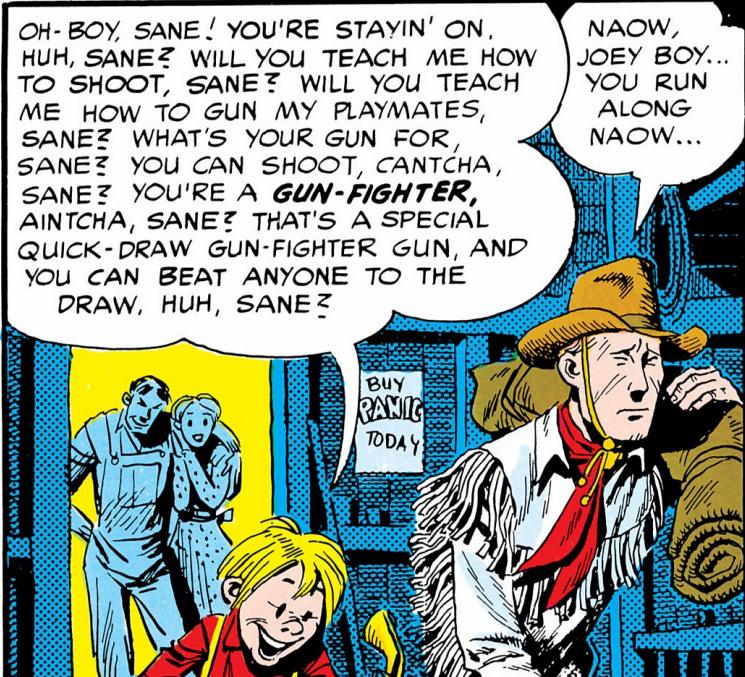


MISTUH!... WHEN I SEES A
THING OF BEAUTY... I JUST GETS
ALL MUSHY INSIDE! THAR'S
NUTHIN' AS BEAUTIFUL AS A
GOOD LOOKIN' HORSE!



OH-BOY, SANE! YOU'RE STAYIN' ON.
HUH, SANE? WILL YOU TEACH ME HOW
TO SHOOT, SANE? WILL YOU TEACH
ME HOW TO GUN MY PLAYMATES,
SANE? WHAT'S YOUR GUN FOR,
SANE? YOU CAN SHOOT, CANTCHA,
SANE? YOU'RE A GUN-FIGHTER,
AINTCHA, SANE? THAT'S A SPECIAL
QUICK-DRAW GUN-FIGHTER GUN, AND
YOU CAN BEAT ANYONE TO THE
DRAW, HUH, SANE?

NAOW,
JOEY BOY...
YOU RUN
ALONG
NAOW...

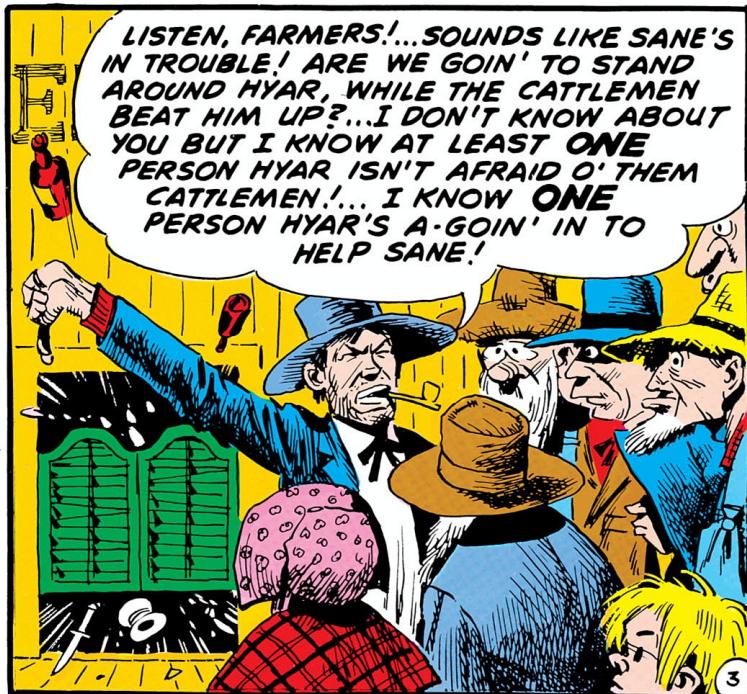
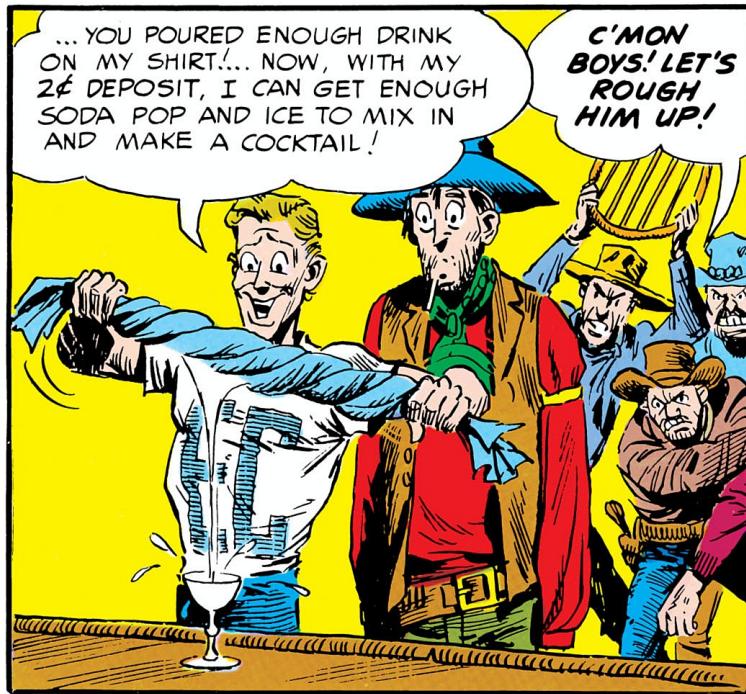
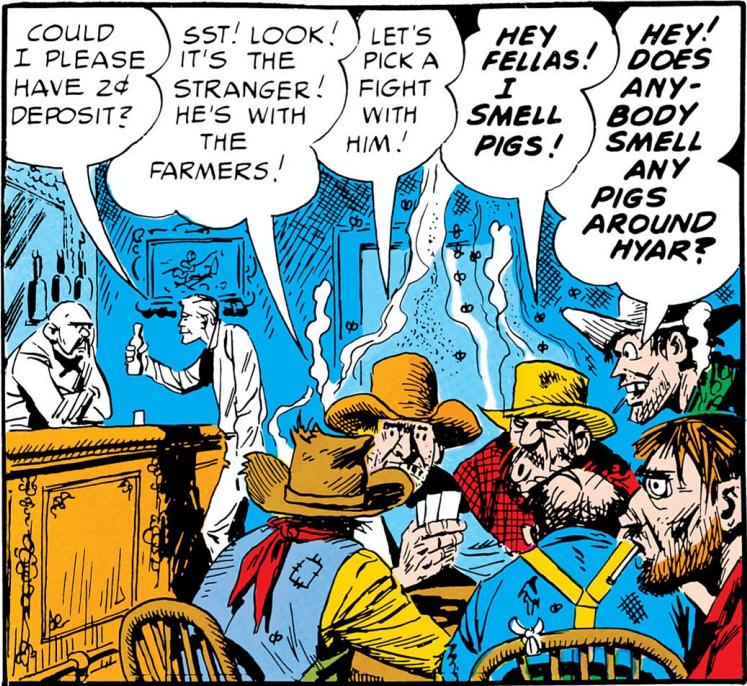
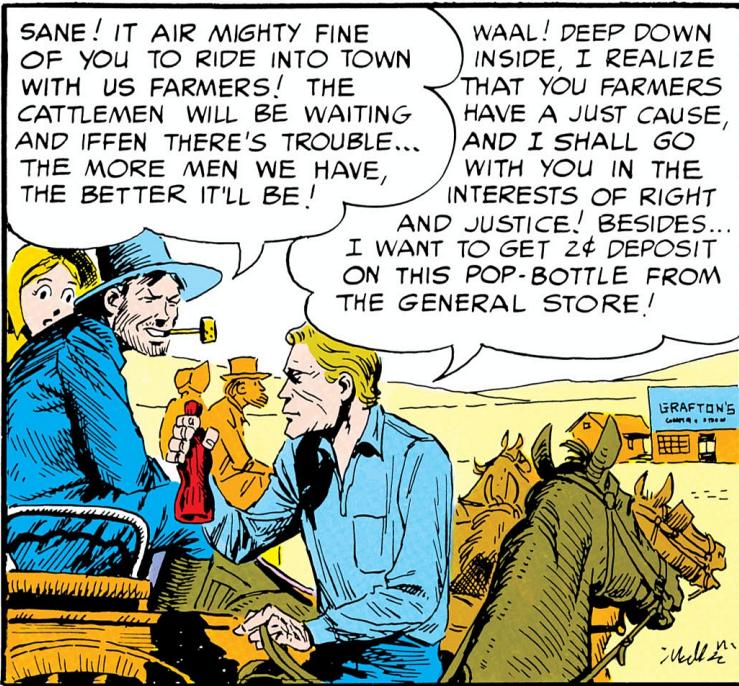


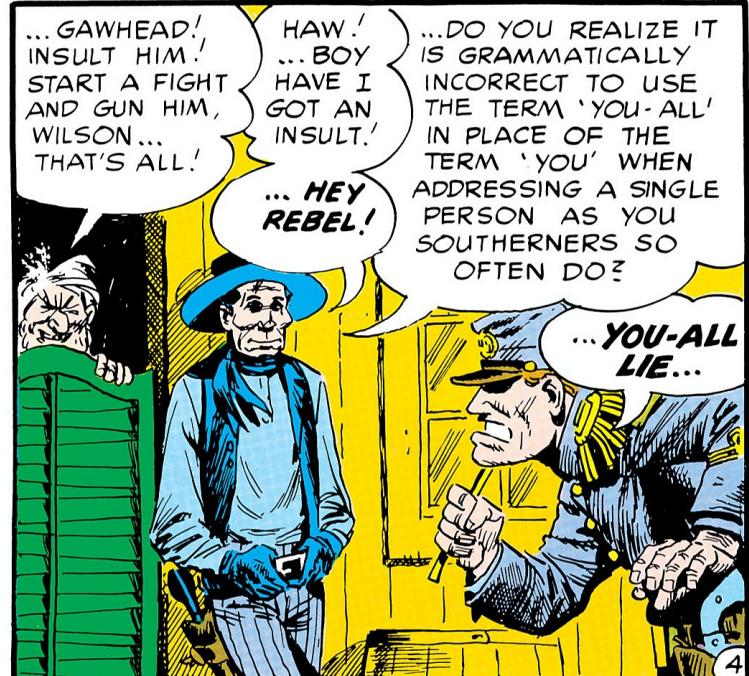
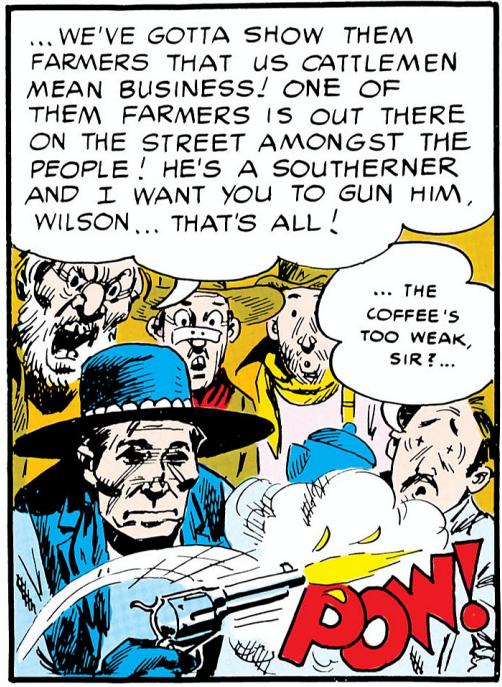
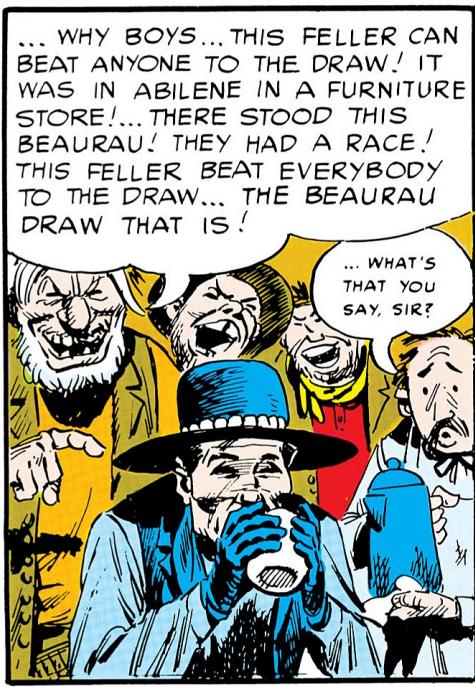
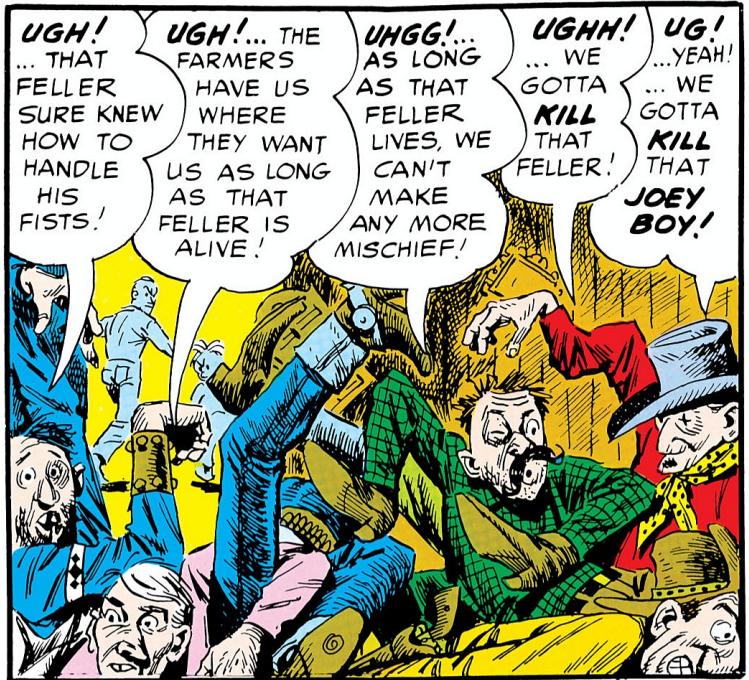
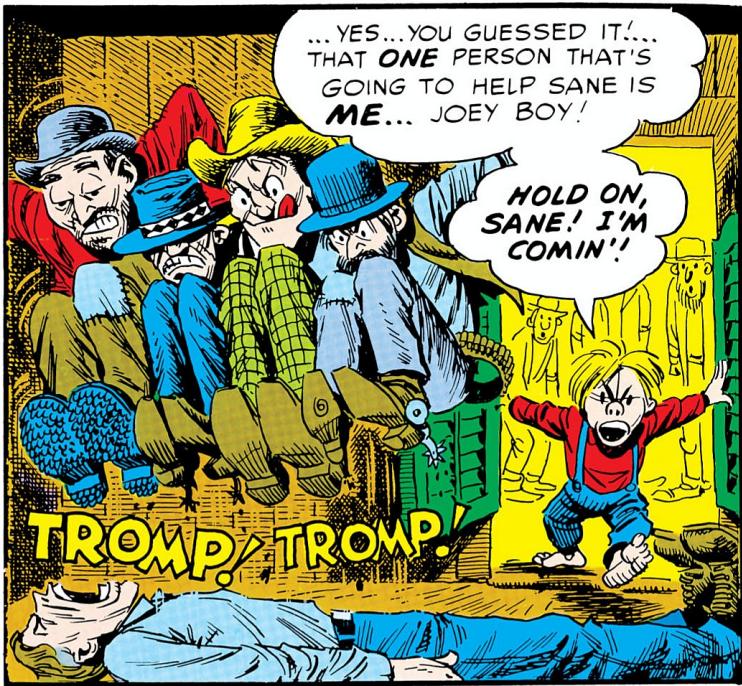
I KNOW
SANE'S A
GUN-FIGHTER!
I JUST KNOW
SANE KIN
SHOOT!

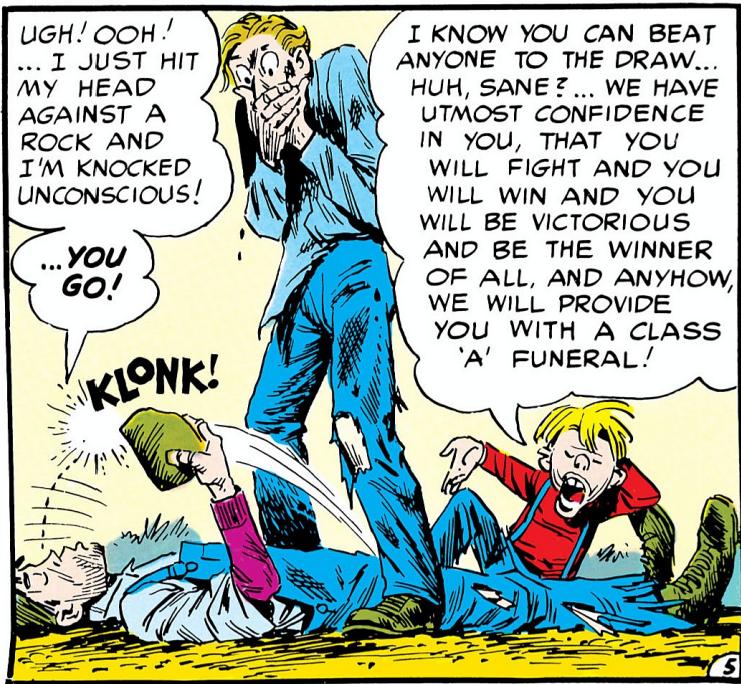
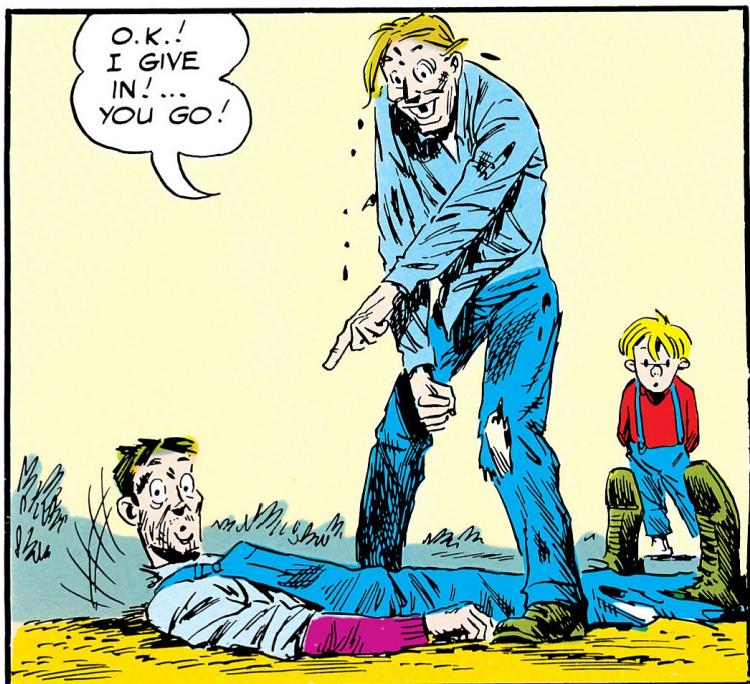
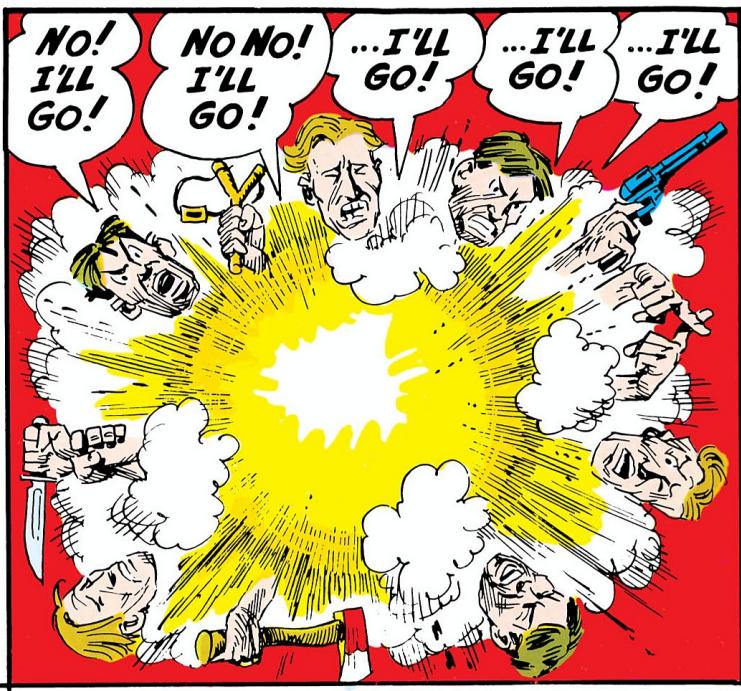
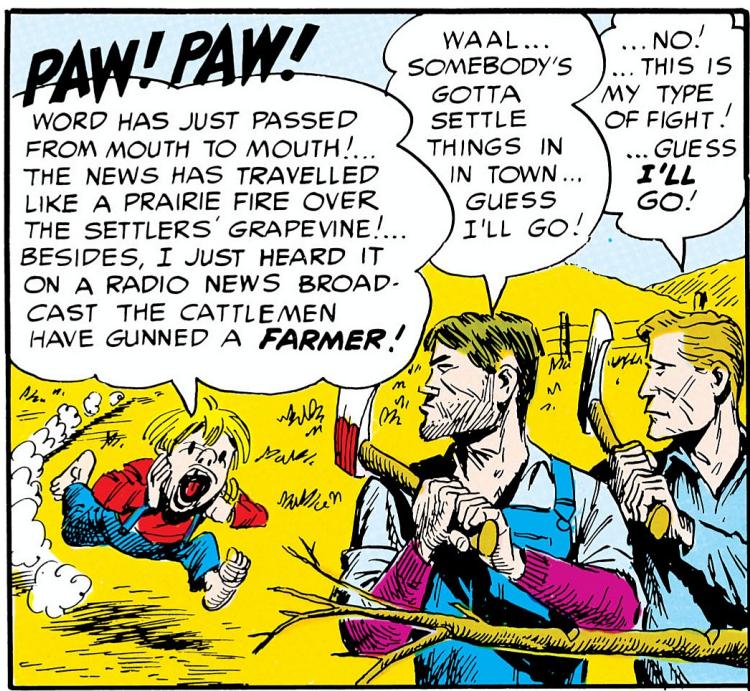
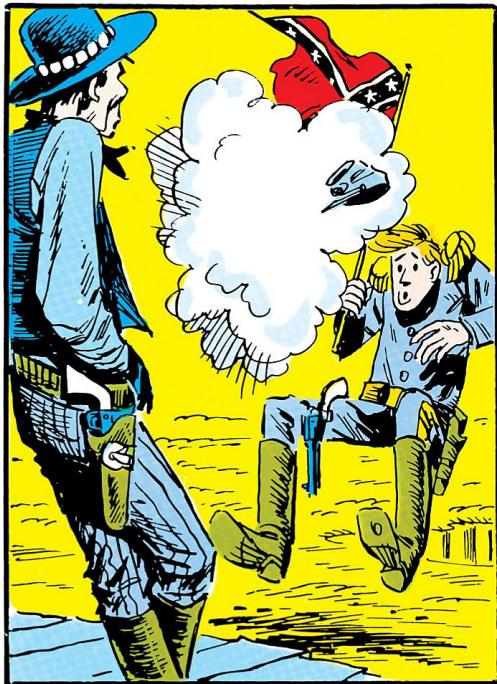
AH, ME! CHILDREN HAVE SUCH
FANTASTIC IMAGINATIONS... AL-
WAYS LIVING IN A LAND OF
MAKE-BELIEVE... WEAVING A
WHOLE WEB OF FICTION ABOUT
SUCH SIMPLE THINGS AS MY NOVELTY
RONSON CIGARETTE LIGHTER!

G*#*#*#
LITTLE
PEST!









SANE'S COMIN' INTO TOWN, WILSON... THAT'S ALL! YOU WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE WITH HIM, WILL YUH?

NAH!... AS LONG AS I CAN GET MY GUNS OILED PROPER!... WHERE'S MY OIL CAN?... HOW'D IT GET OVER THERE?

... YOUR COFFEE, SIR!

HO, BOY!... THE TENSION IS MOUNTING!... I CAN TELL SANE IS COMING CLOSER BY THE SOUND OF THE BACKGROUND MUSIC!... THE QUESTION IS, CAN SANE BE BEATEN TO THE DRAW BY WILSON... THAT'S ALL!

... NOW HERE COMES SANE!

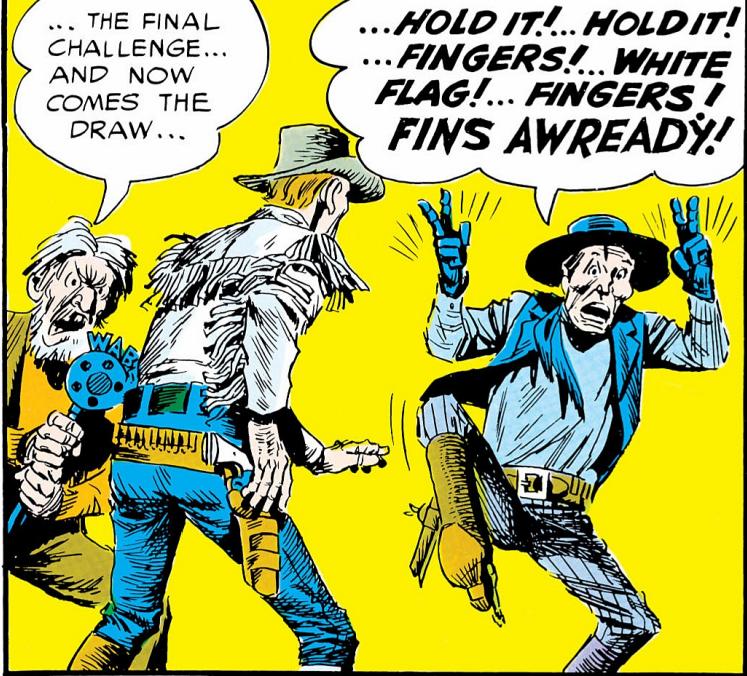
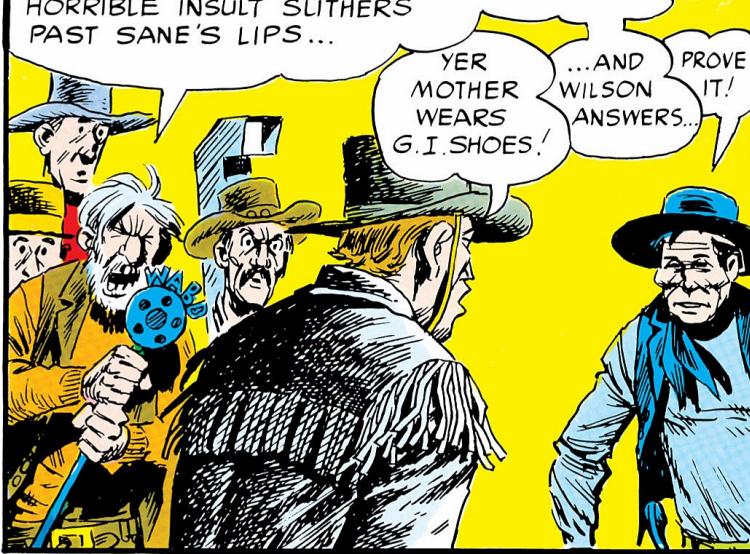


AND NOW, THE TWO GUN-FIGHTERS ARE FACE TO FACE, POISED DELICATELY LIKE COBRAS... A DEATH-LIKE SILENCE IN THE ROOM... SLOWLY, THE SPOKEN RITUAL BEFORE THE 'DRAW' BEGINS AND A HORRIBLE INSULT SLITHERS PAST SANE'S LIPS...

YER MOTHER WEARS G.I. SHOES! ...AND PROVE IT! ANSWERS...

... THE FINAL CHALLENGE... AND NOW COMES THE DRAW...

...HOLD IT!... HOLD IT! FINGERS!... WHITE FLAG!... FINGERS! FINS AWREADY!

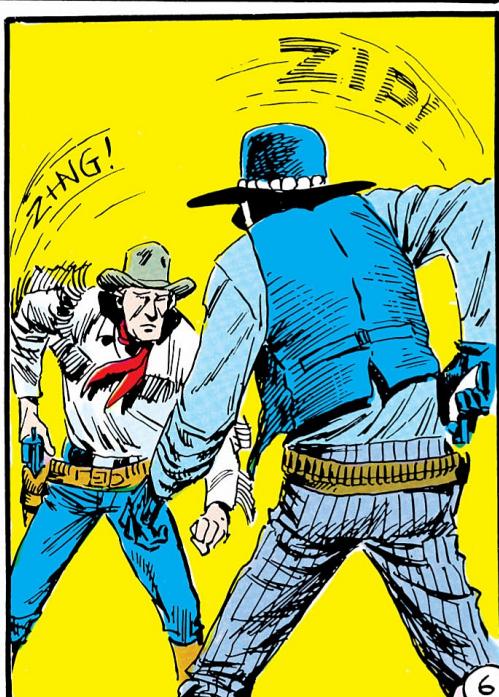


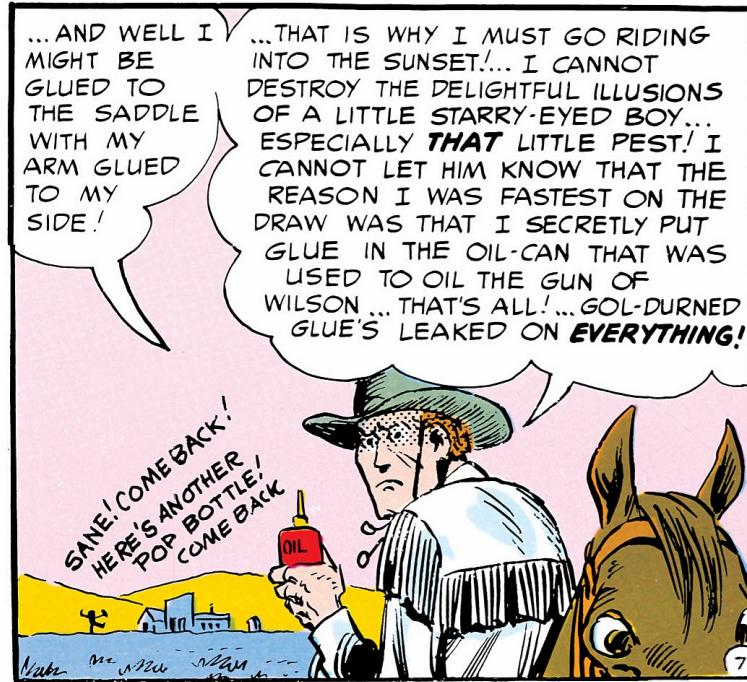
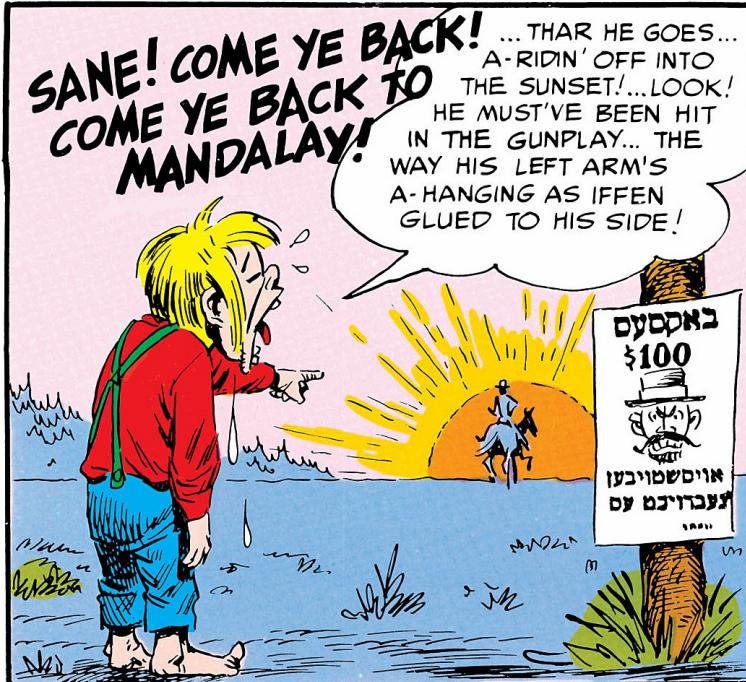
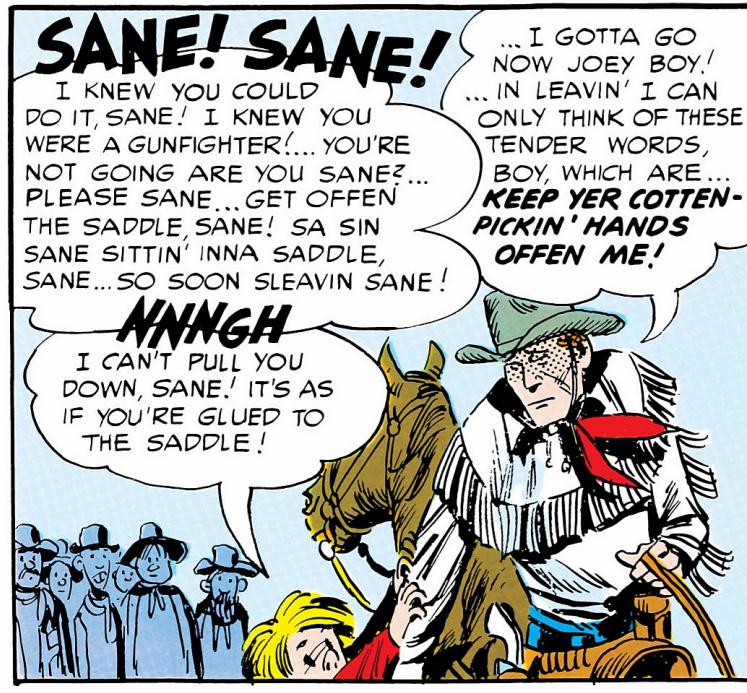
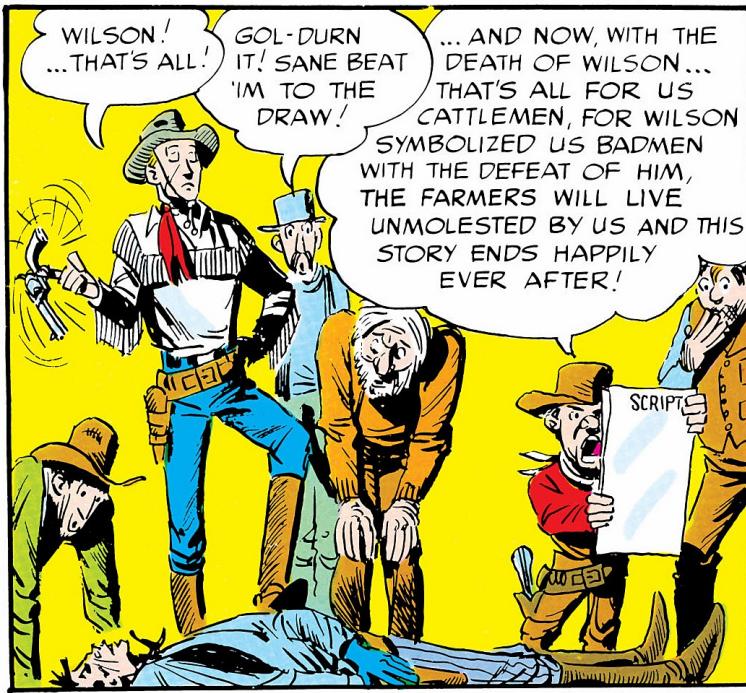
...SANE IS NOT DRAWING GUN IN PRESCRIBED OFFICIAL GUN-FIGHTERS MANNER!... SANE'S FINGERTIPS ARE THREE-QUARTERS OF INCH FROM GUN-BUTT... OFFICIAL RULES SAY FINGERTIPS CAN BE NO CLOSER THAN ONE AND ONE-EIGHTH INCHES!

O.K.!... WE'LL START ALL OVER, WILSON... THAT'S ALL!

YER MOTHER WEARS G.I. SHOES!

PROVE IT!





CLOAK AND DAGGER DEPT.: And now, chapter THIRTY-FIVE in the fantastic adventures of SECRET UNDER-MANHOLE-COVER AGENT FIVE FINGERS JONES!

As you remember Jones he was scrounging around the Gremlin disguised as a spy—or was he spying around the Gremlin disguised as a scrounge? Any how when we last left Jones, he was being approached by Floppova Movova, luscious blond spy queen of the secret police. At this point Jones left, and so, on to Chapter 35 of . . .

OPERATION UNDER-THE-GROUND

Jones twitches his cardboard mustache at Floppova Movova. She hauls him into a bar and orders some vodka. Then he makes a big mistake. He tries to outdrink Floppova and the next minute what does he do? . . . You guessed it! . . . Floppova! Instantly, a BVD whizzes into view and drags Jones away for

drunken drinking. Floppova follows, trying in vain to tell the BVD's in short . . . (or shorts, however you prefer) that she was about to prove Jones a spy.

Jones is carted through the Gremlin gates into the office of . . . Lavrenti Buried, Chief of Police. Buried wears red flannel underwear to denote his high rank in the BVD's. The BVD's tell Buried about Jone's Floppova and Floppova's Jones!

"Take him to the torture chamber.", says Buried! "I haven't heard a human scream for a whole minute now." . . .

. . . Well, now! Will Buried and his BVD's subject Jones to some horrible torture? Will the next chapter reveal the escape of Jones from Buried of the BVDs? Or will Jones be Buried IN his BVDs?

Tune in next month at this same time for chapter 4, when we will introduce a new character called Mr. Ground who backs into an electric fan and has to go to the hospital. Yes—tune in to Chapter 4 of **OPERATION UNDER GROUND**.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION, REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) of MAD published Monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1953.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Educational Comics Inc., 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y., Editor, Harvey Kurtzman, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y., Managing Editor, William M. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.; Business manager, Frank D. Lee, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Educational Comics Inc., 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. Wm. M. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. J. K. Gaines, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y. V. E. MacAdie, 225 Lafayette St., New York 12, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

(Signed) **FRANK D. LEE**, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 23rd day of September, 1953.
Ettore De Stefano, Notary Public. (My commission expires March 30, 1954.)



YOU, TOO, CAN MEET NEW FRIENDS! JOIN THE **E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB!**

SEND FOR YOUR MEMBERSHIP KIT TODAY. RECEIVE A FULL-COLOR $7\frac{1}{2} \times 10\frac{1}{2}$ ILLUMINATED CERTIFICATE, A STURDY WALLET IDENTIFICATION CARD, A SNAZZY EMBROIDERED SHOULDER PATCH, AND A STUNNING ANTIQUE BRONZE-FINISH BAS-RELIEF PIN.

FOR AN INDIVIDUAL MEMBERSHIP, FILL OUT THE COUPON AND SEND IT IN, TOGETHER WITH 25¢. IF FIVE OR MORE OF YOU WISH TO JOIN AS AN AUTHORIZED CHAPTER, ENCLOSE EACH MEMBER'S NAME AND ADDRESS ALONG WITH 25¢ FOR EACH NAME, AND INDICATE THE NAME OF THE ELECTED CHAPTER PRESIDENT. WE WILL NOTIFY EACH PRESIDENT OF HIS CHAPTER NUMBER. EACH MEMBER, CHAPTER OR INDIVIDUAL, WILL RECEIVE HIS KIT DIRECTLY... BY RETURN MAIL?

THE E.C. FAN-ADDICT CLUB
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
NEW YORK, 12, N.Y.

Here's my two bits! I want the things and stuff like the kid's wearing! I want to meet new friends like the kid's meeting! I'm a fan-addict! I'm mad!

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE NO. _____
STATE _____



Dear Editors,

I am shocked at the suggestion of some of your other readers that you put out a monthly *Mad*. Please! Pity my poor bank account —Clare Gottfried—Long Island, New York

Heh, heh, heh! No mercy for your money-belts from us! With this issue, Mad goes monthly.—ed.

... I have enjoyed many of your E.C. mags, but then along came *Mad* and wrecked my whole opinion of your company. I think all *Mad* comics should be burned and the ashes dropped into the ocean. It is a very silly, no-count book, but don't be injured too much because of my opinion. You see I work for your competitors.—Disgustingly yours—L.S./M.F.T.

... I don't understand why some people don't like *Mad*. I work at night and when I get home I want to read something restful to settle my nerves. Reading *Mad* is just like talking to my next door neighbors.—Hettie Chesney—Grave 3, Plot 35, Old Franklinton Cemetery, Columbus, Ohio—P.S. I would like to contact good, red-blooded American boys. Any living in the vicinity should drop down some evening. (Those with O type, RH negative are especially welcome.)

Meine lieben Herren

In eurem letzem magazine sie haben shvienhunt falsch geschrieben. Es ist nicht shvienhunt sondern schweinehund. Ich hoffe ihr schreibt es nicht mehr falsch in der Zukunft.—Manfred Waechter—Woodside, Long Island

... I am 10 years old, a Junior at MIT, and deem *Mad* to be the most griesmuuk, the most raveningly lz-chaa, sroummp publication ever produced on Terra. I am an alert, amiable, personable, likeable, tidy, neat, orderly, courteous, clean-living, 100% green-blooded Venusian kid, and all I got to say is: Your old lady sucks chicken-guts!—Melvin Talipida—Woolworth, Tenn.

... Please tell me what in the world "Furshlugginer" means.—Larry E. Lengle E.M.F.N.—c/o F.P.O., New York, New York

It means the same as Petrzble.—ed.

... GRIPE DEPARTMENT: I've got glubbins of the glubbins. I'm a casket case. I'm living in a *Mad* world! Wottamigoingtodo? Up until yesterday, I was a sweet, innocent, woolly lamb. I nibbled my own little patch of greens. I ventured not, I wanted not. But it all changed. Some character came into my Inner Sanctum and thrust an (ugh!) Comic Book on my heretofore unblemished

desk. (For the record: I don't read 'em!) I glared, I sneered, I was aloof. Then I made my first mistake: I picked it up. It was *Mad!* My second mistake followed my first: I read it. My third mistake followed the first two (and this one cost me money): I subscribed. Not only am I leaving myself open to MADness, but I'm wanting a shoulder patch for my strapless office suits. I'm a FAN-ADDICT!—Gwynne DeCoverly—Chicago, Illinois

... Finally your completely untalented and unoriginal rivals have come out with imitations of *Mad*. One of the largest comic houses came out with two *Mad* imitations, both monthly, with seven inside pages of paid ads to your one, although the mags have the same amount of pages. Another company came out with an equally sad imitation, in 3-D yet, at two-bits a throw. These are probably just the beginning of a long line of imitations yet to come. There oughta be a law!—Ed Spiegel—Troy, New York

... How about a biog on your color artist?—Roger Schenkman—Santa Monica, California

Marie Severin, our colorist, is one of the unsung heroines down here at E.C., and some day we intend to devote a page to describing her efforts. Let it suffice to say here that the talented Marie has been and is responsible for all the color you see in the whole line of E.C. publications, and you'll excuse us for being slightly prejudiced, but we think that our Marie is the best comic book colorist in the U.S.A.—ed.

Before going into the commercials . . . be advised there is a two page feature about E.C. Publisher and Managing Editor Bill Gaines in the first issue of a new "vest-pocket" size magazine called TOPS, dated March, 1954 . . . and scheduled to hit the stands around the end of January. Feature includes Bill's picture . . . and a few panel reproductions from *Shock SuspenStories*. (Of considerably more interest is the center spread of many, many beautiful gals!)

Second issue of PANIC is on the stands! Good try! (Sub coupon on preceding page!) Fan-Addict Club membership about ten thousand at this writing. (Details on inside front cover!) Subscription to this rag . . . one buck for 8 issues! Address for comments, sub orders, etc. is:

Mad Editors
Room 706, Dept. 10
225 Lafayette St.
N. Y. C. 12

POETRY DEPT.: THERE IS A FAMOUS POEM WHOSE NAME IS USED NO MORE!... YOU'VE HEARD OF IT BY TITLE IT REALLY NEVER WORE (... AND IF YOU HAVEN'T HEARD...WELL, KID, YOU JUST DON'T KNOW THE SCORE!)... AS TIME HAS PASSED, THE NEWER NAME HAS SUBSTITUTED FOR... THE FACE UPON THE BARROOM FLOOR FOR...

THE FACE UPON THE FLOOR!

BY H. ANTOINE D'ARCY

'TWAS A BALMY SUMMER EVENING, and a goodly crowd was there.
Which well-nigh filled Joe's barroom on the corner of the square,
And as songs and witty stories came through the open door
A vagabond crept slowly in and posed upon the floor.



"Where did it come from?" someone said: "The wind has blown it in."

"What does it want?" another cried. "Some whisky, rum or gin?"

"Here, Toby, seek him, if your stomach's equal to the work—

I wouldn't touch him with a fork, he's filthy as a Turk!"



This badinage the poor wretch took with stoical
good grace;
In fact, he smiled as though he thought hed struck
the proper place.

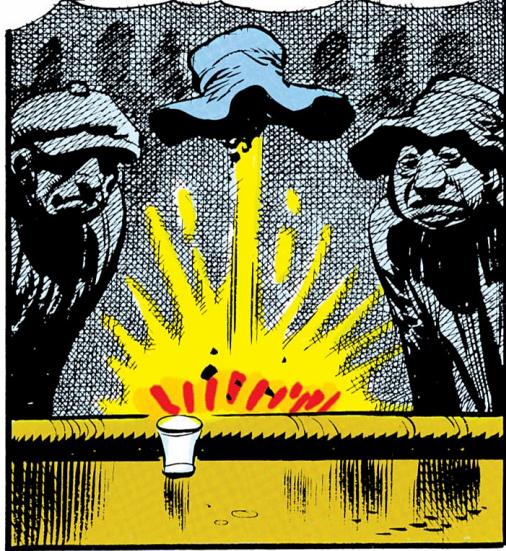


"Give me a drink—that's what I want—I'm out of
funds, you know;
When I had cash to treat the gang, this hand
was never slow.

"Come, boys, I know there's kindly hearts among so
good a crowd—
To be in such good company would make a deacon
proud.



"What? You laugh as though you thought this
pocket never held a sou;
I once was fixed as well, my boys, as anyone of
you.



"There, thanks; that's braced me nicely; God bless you
one and all;
Next time I pass this good saloon, I'll make
another call.



"Give you a song? No, I can't do that, my singing
days are past;
My voice is cracked, my throat's worn out, and my
lungs are going fast.



"Say! Give me another whisky, and I'll tell

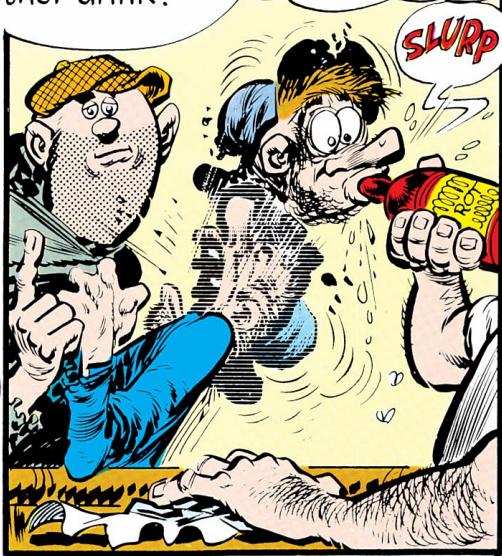
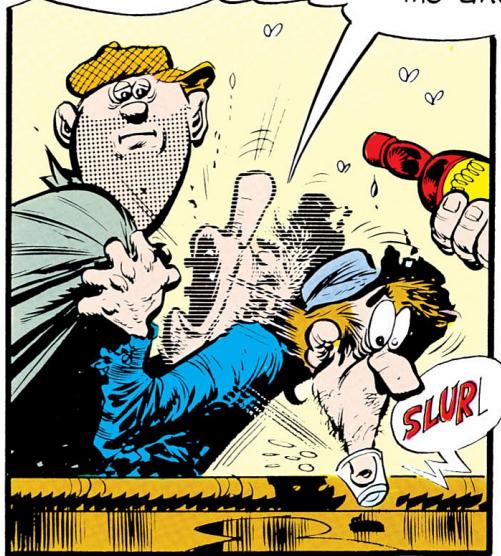
what I'll do—

I'll tell you a funny story, and a fact, I promise too.

"That I was ever a decent man not one of you

would think;

But I was, some four or five years back. Say, give me another drink.

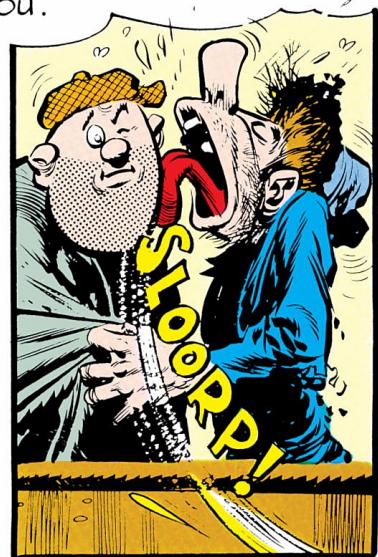
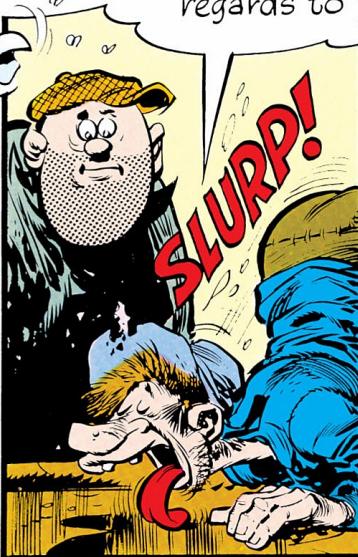
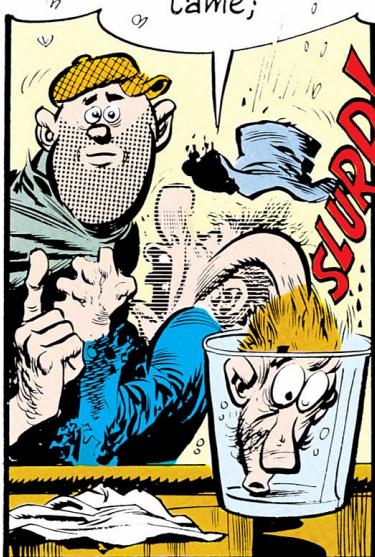


"Fill her up, Joe, I want to put some life into my frame—

Such little drinks, to a bum like me, are miserably tame;

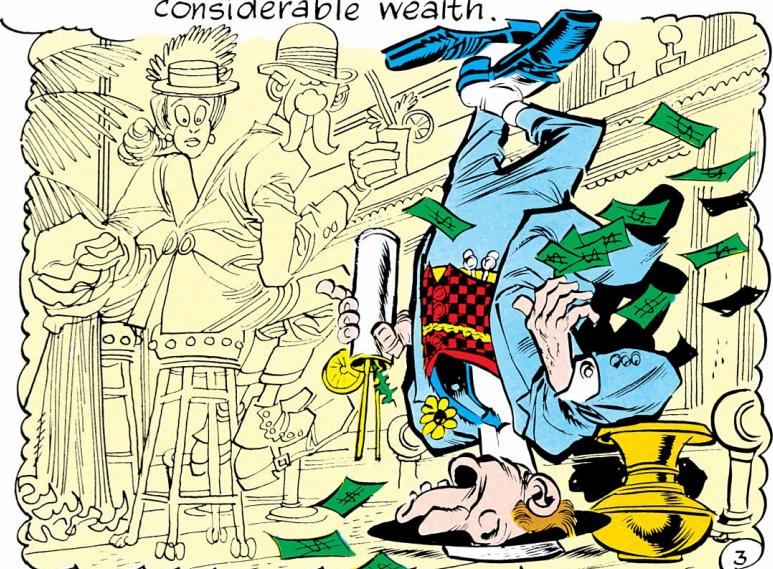
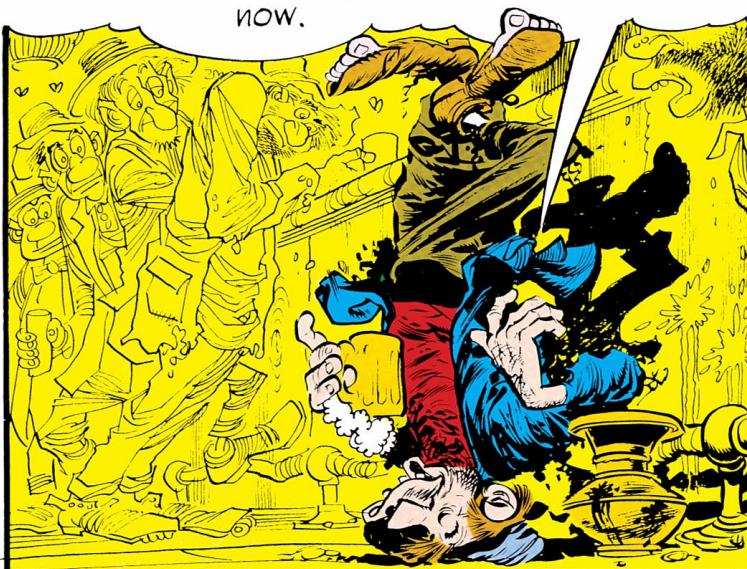
"Five fingers—there, that's the scheme—and corking whisky, too.

Well, here's luck, boys; and, landlord, my best regards to you.



"You've treated me pretty kindly, and I'd like to tell you how I came to be the dirty sot you see before you now.

"As I told you, once I was a man, with muscle, frame and health, And, but for a blunder, ought to have made considerable wealth.



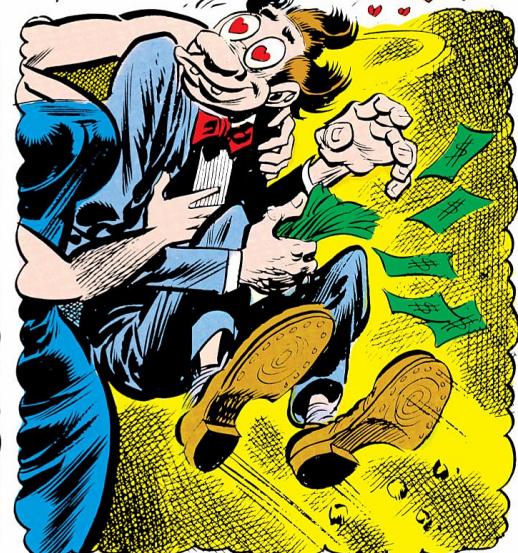
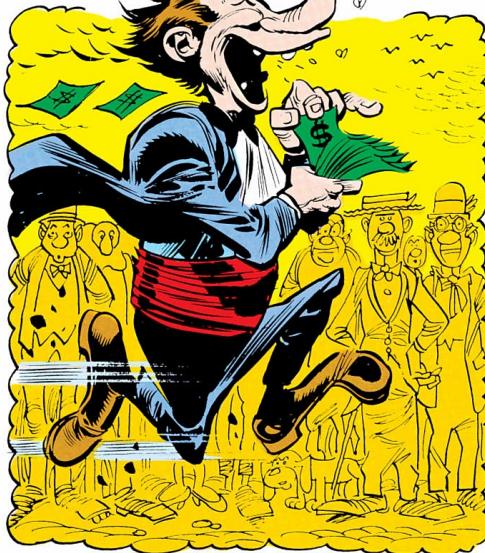
"I was a painter—not one that daubed on bricks
and wood
But an artist, and, for my age, was rated
pretty good.



"I worked hard, at my canvas and was bidding
fair to rise,
For gradually I saw the star of fame
before my eyes.



"I made a picture, perhaps you've seen, 'tis called
the 'Chase of Fame';
It brought me fifteen hundred pounds and
added to my name.



"Why don't you laugh? 'Tis funny that the vagabond
you see
Could ever love a woman and expect her love
for me;



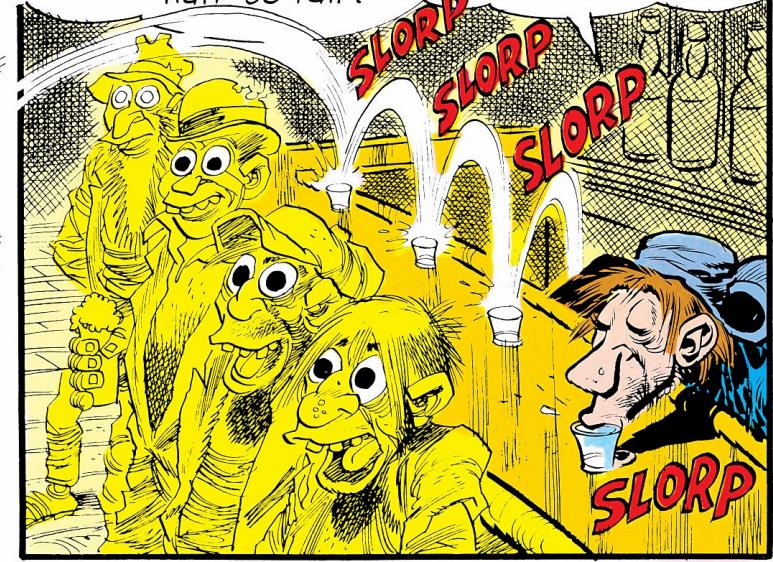
"But 'twas so, and for a month or two, her
smiles were freely given,
And when her loving lips touched mine it
carried me to heaven.



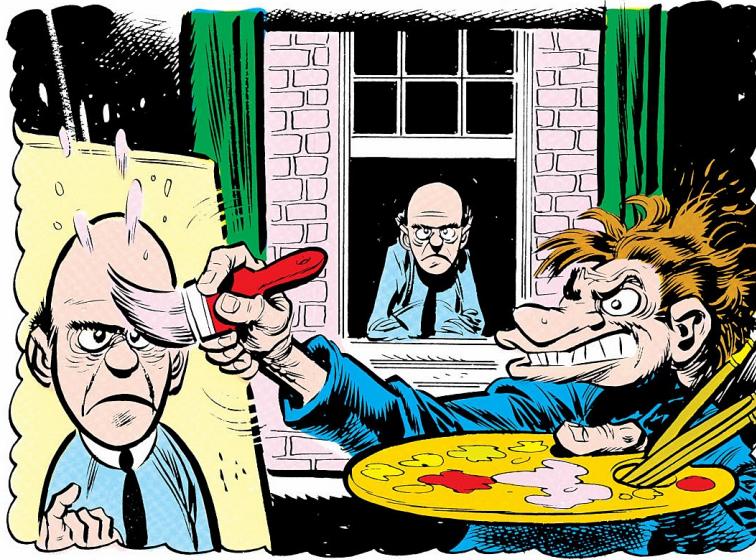
"Did ever you see a woman for whom your soul
you'd give
With a form like Milo Venus, too beautiful to
live;



"With eyes that would beat the Koh-i-noor, and
a wealth of chestnut hair?
If so, 'twas she, for there never was another
half so fair.



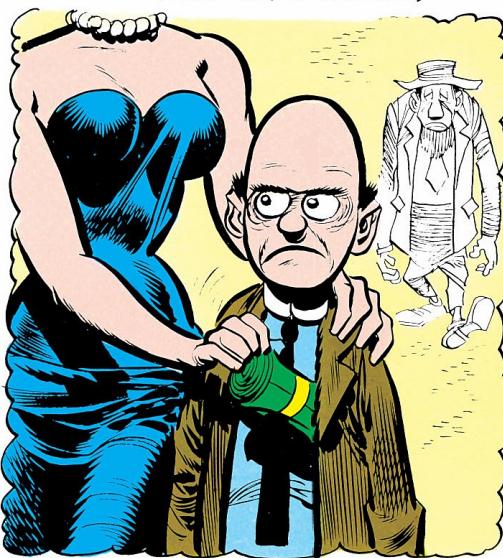
"I was working on a portrait, one afternoon
in May,
Of a fair-haired boy, a friend of mine, who
lived across the way,



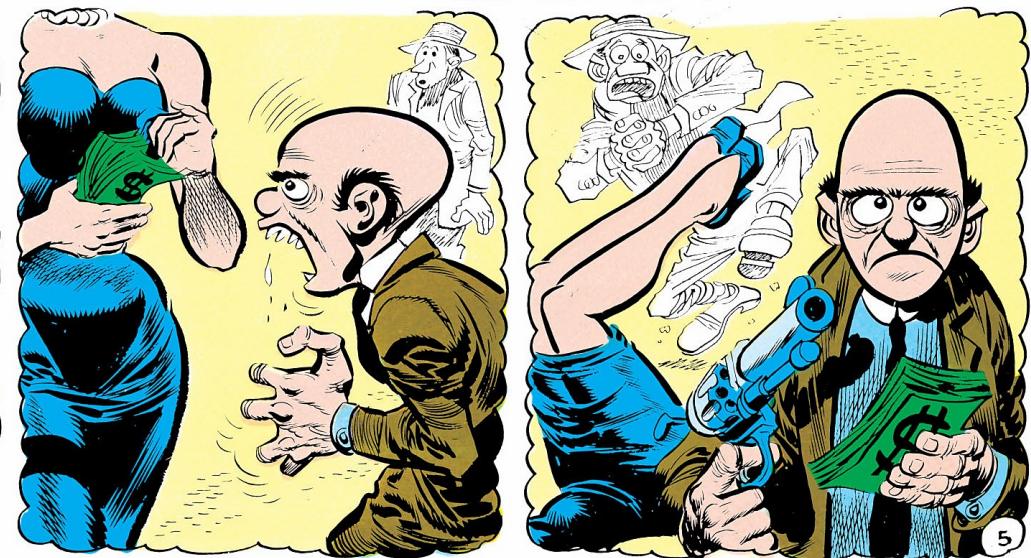
"And Madeline admired it, and much to my
surprise,
Said that she'd like to know the man that
had such dreamy eyes.



"It didn't take long to know him, and before
the month had flown
My friend had stolen my darling, and I
was left alone;



And, ere a year of misery had passed above
my head,
The jewel I had treasured so had tarnished,
and was dead.



"That's why I took to drink, boys. Why, I never saw you smile, I thought you'd be amused, and laughing all the while.

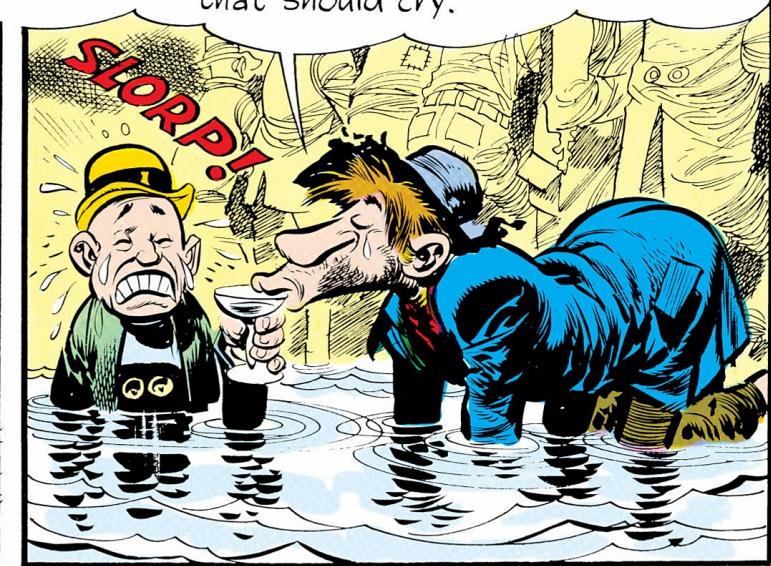


"Say, boys, if you give me just another whisky,
I'll be glad,
And I'll draw right here a picture of the face
that drove me mad.



Another drink, and with the chalk in hand, the vagabond began
To sketch a face that well might buy the soul
of any man...

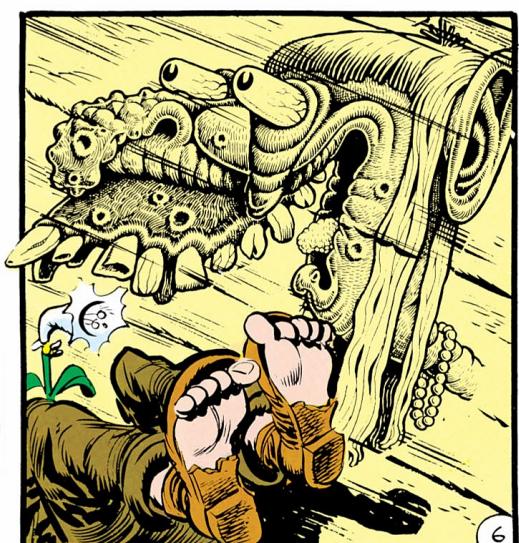
"Why, what's the matter, friend? There's a teardrop in your eye, Come, laugh like me; 'tis only babes and women that should cry.



"Give me that piece of chalk with which you mark the baseball score —
You shall see the lovely Madeline upon the barroom floor."

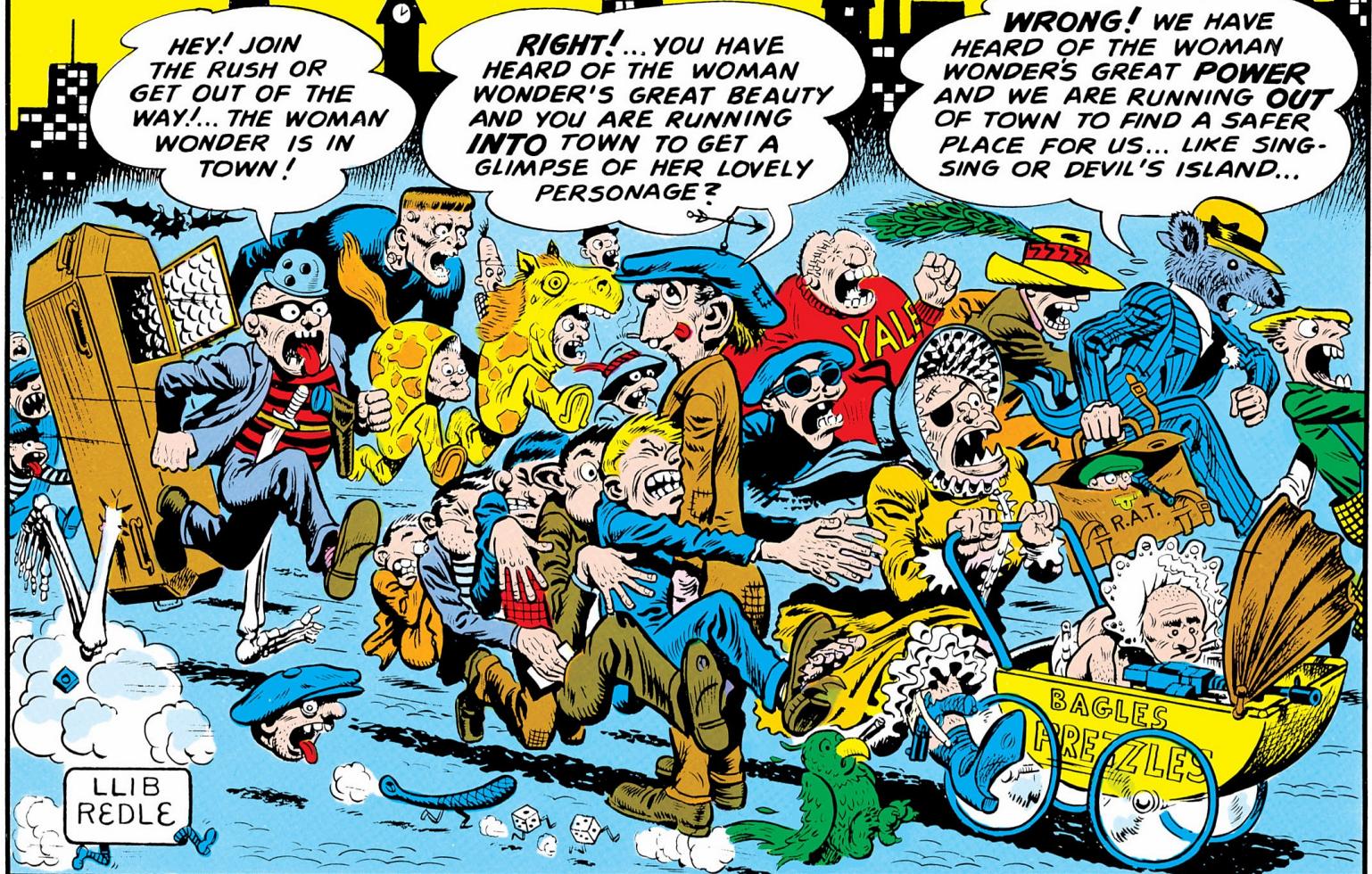


Then, as he placed another lock upon the shapely head,
With fearful shriek, he leaped and fell
across the picture — dead.

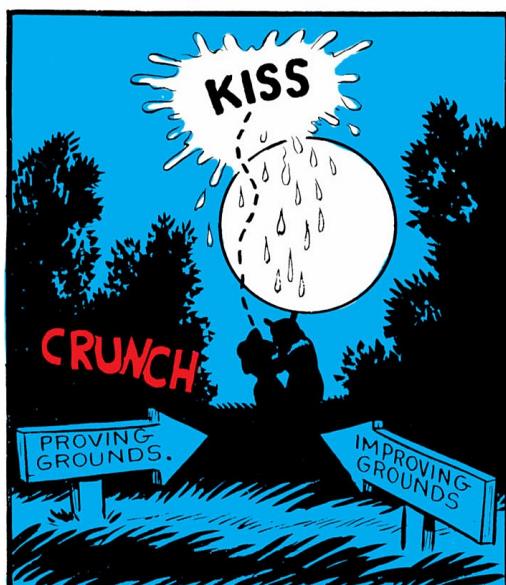


HEROINE WORSHIP DEPT.: THIS STORY IS THE USUAL SUPER TYPE STORY!... MAIN CHARACTER HAS SUPERHUMAN POWERS... RUNS AROUND IN VERY TIGHT-FITTING TIGHTS!... SAME OLD STUFF, YOU SAY? DULL, YOU SAY?... DON'T GO 'WAY, BOYS, CAUSE THIS CHARACTER IN TIGHT-FITTING TIGHTS IS A WOMAN! AND WE CALL HER THE...

WOMAN WONDER!



DIANA BANANA, WHO IS IN REALITY THE WOMAN WONDER, AND STEVE ADORE, BOTH U.S. ARMY OFFICERS, SIT IN THE MOONLIGHT...



AH, DEAREST! WHEN YOU CRUSH ME IN YOUR STRONG ARMS, I...I... I... MELT!

GIVE ME ANOTHER KISS!

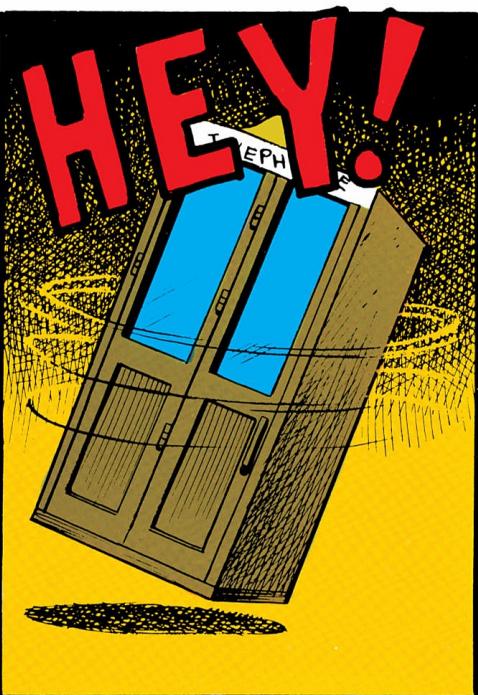
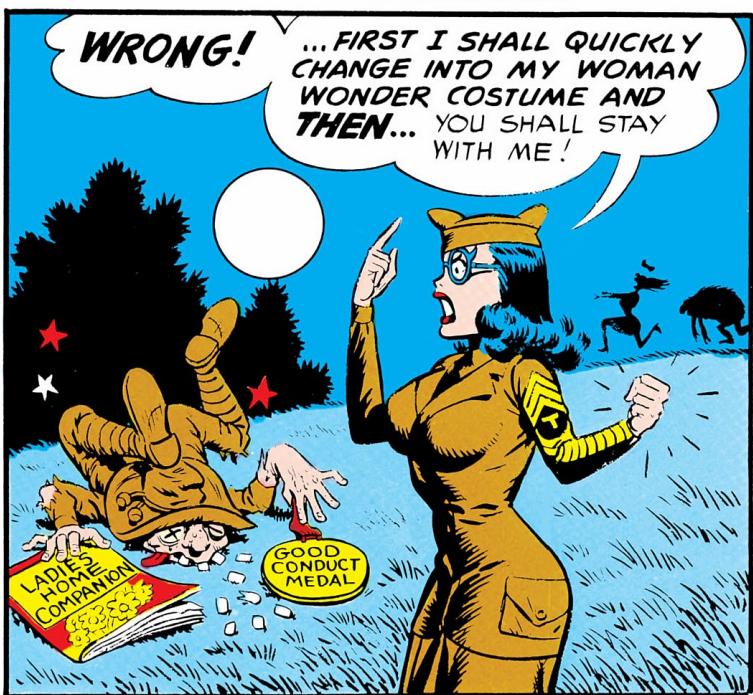
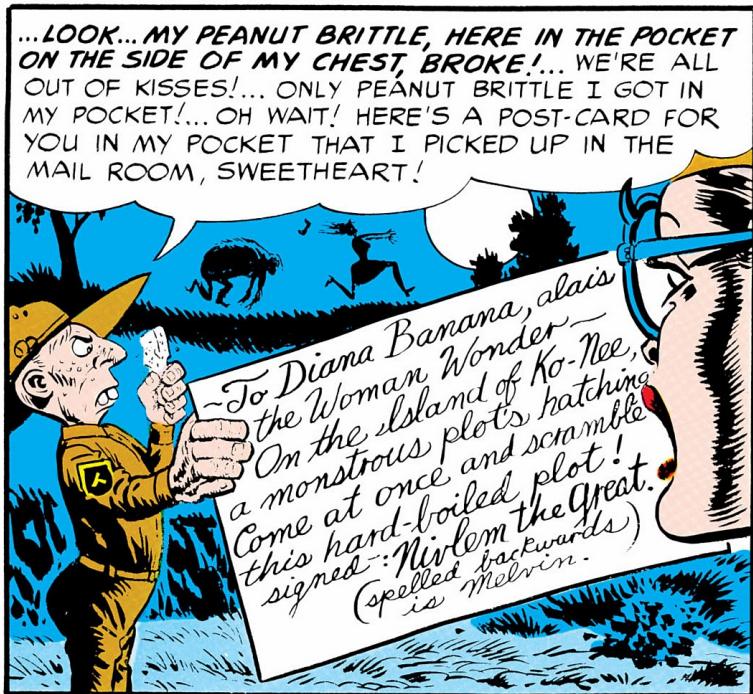
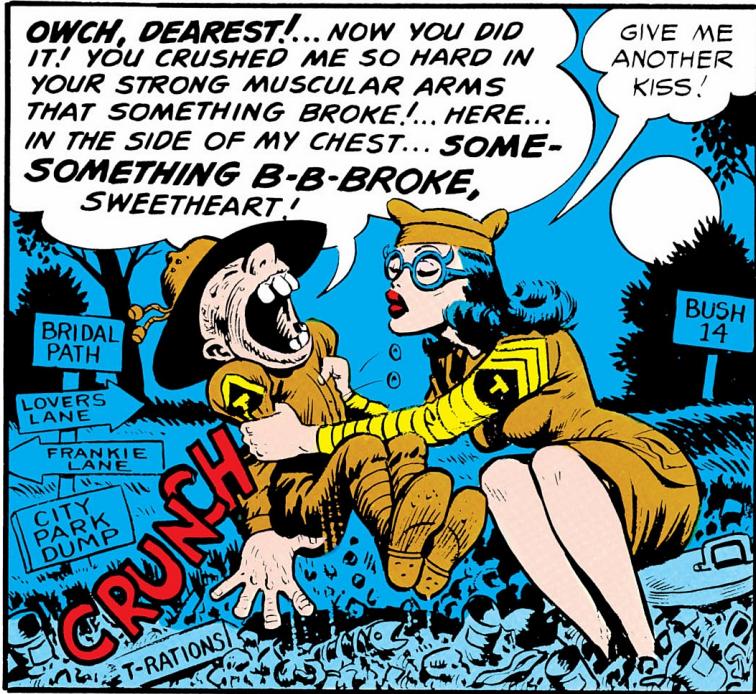
CRUNCH!

COFFEE GROUNDS GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE FAIR GROUNDS. NOT SO HOT GROUNDS.

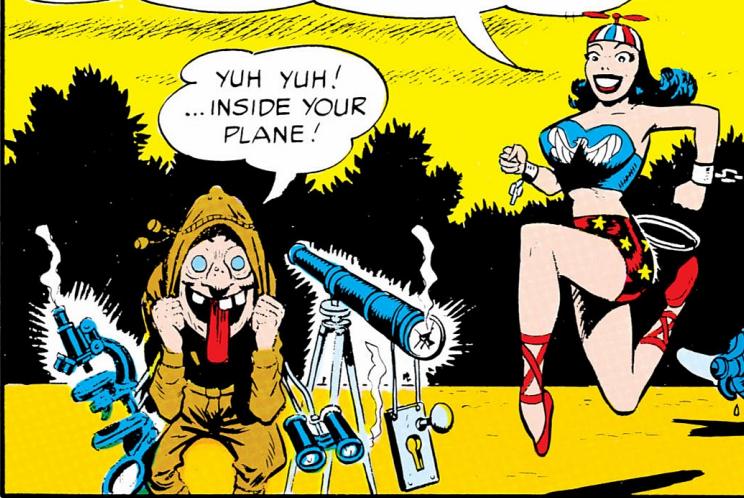
OOH, DEAREST! WHEN YOU CRUSH ME SO HARD IN YOUR STRONG, SINEWY, HAIRY, MUSCULAR ARMS... I...I...I... I... BREAK!

GIVE ME ANOTHER KISS!

CRUNCH!



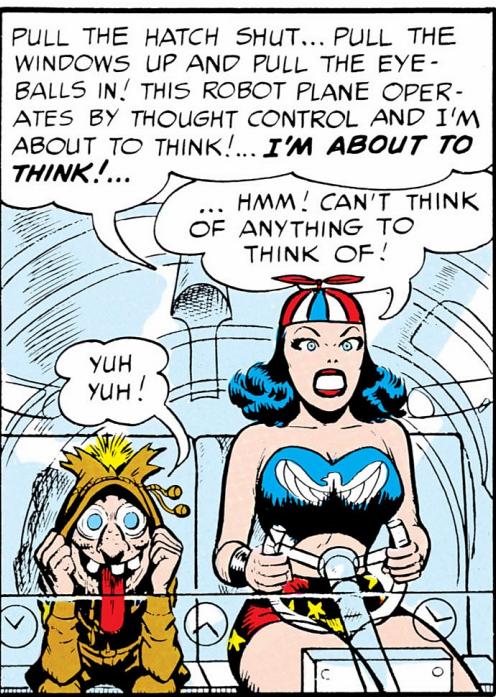
HA, STEVE! THERE YOU ARE!... I FINALLY CHANGED INTO
MY WOMAN WONDER COSTUME!... I SURE HAD A
HARD TIME FINDING A PRIVATE PLACE TO CHANGE!...
I FINALLY FOUND A PRIVATE PLACE TO CHANGE! I
FINALLY CHANGED INSIDE MY **PRIVATE ROBOT**
PLANE INTO MY WOMAN WONDER COSTUME!



PULL THE HATCH SHUT... PULL THE
WINDOWS UP AND PULL THE EYE-
BALLS IN! THIS ROBOT PLANE OPER-
ATES BY THOUGHT CONTROL AND I'M
ABOUT TO THINK!... **I'M ABOUT TO**
THINK!...

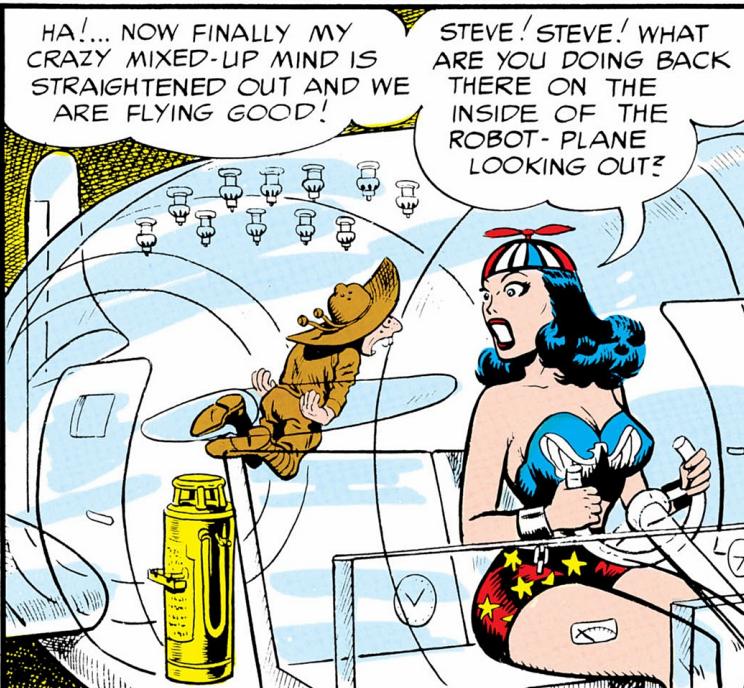
... HMM! CAN'T THINK
OF ANYTHING TO
THINK OF!

YUH



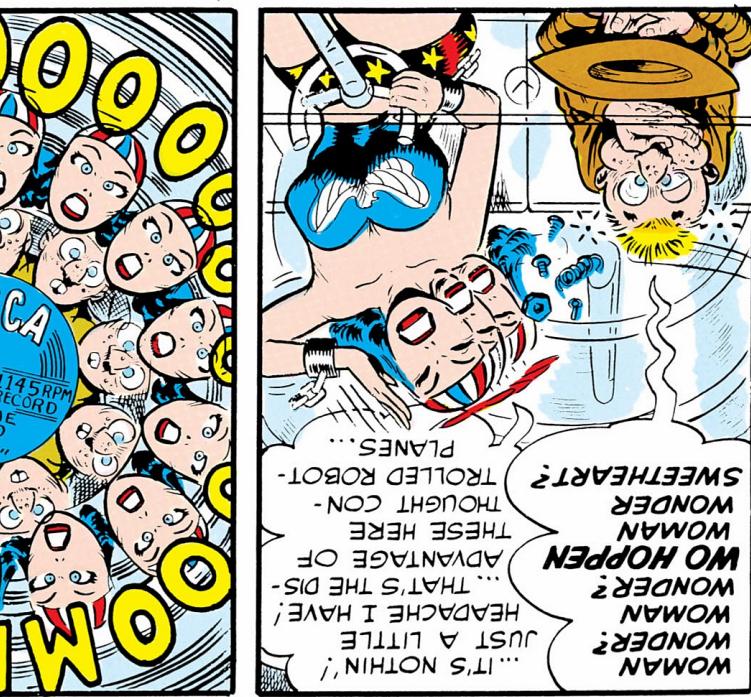
HA!... NOW FINALLY MY
CRAZY MIXED-UP MIND IS
STRAIGHTENED OUT AND WE
ARE FLYING GOOD!

STEVE! STEVE! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING BACK
THERE ON THE
INSIDE OF THE
ROBOT-PLANE
LOOKING OUT?



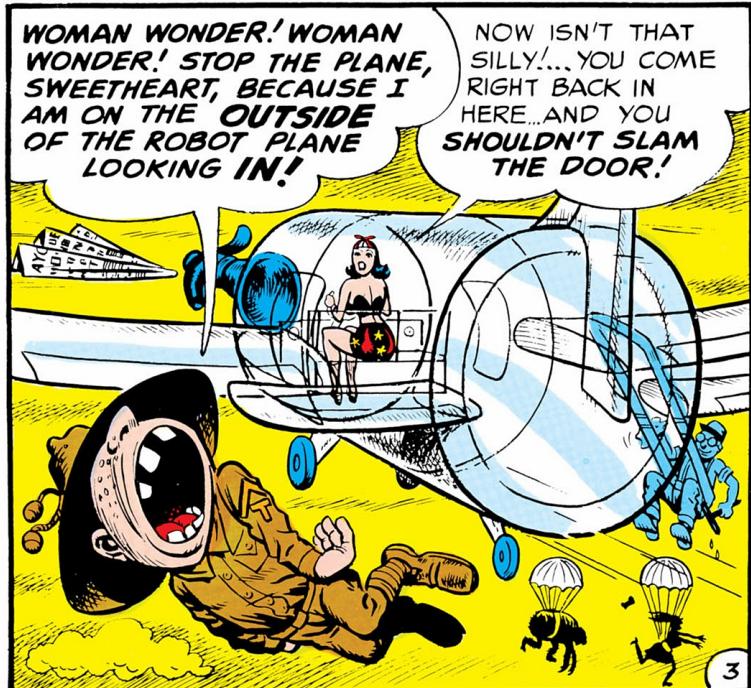
...YEAH!...I FINALLY CHANGED
INSIDE MY **PRIVATE GLASS**
ROBOT PLANE!

YUH YUH! ...
INSIDE YOUR
PRIVATE **TRANS-**
PARENT GLASS
ROBOT-PLANE!
... YUH YUH! ,

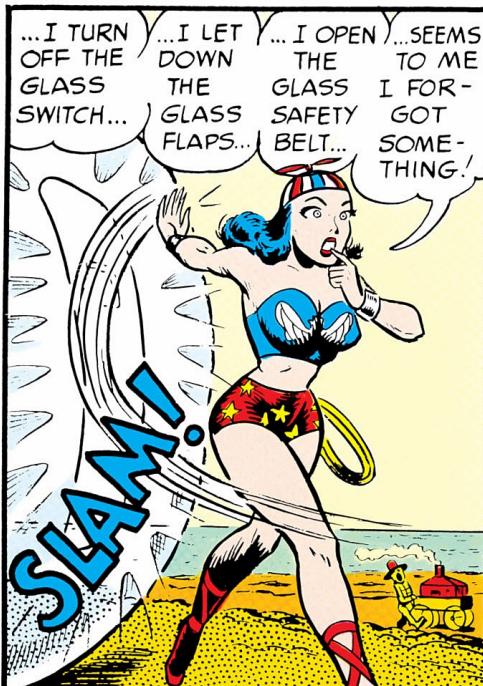
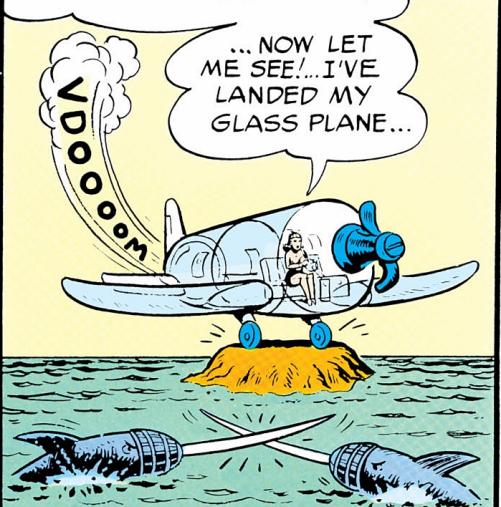


WOMAN WONDER! WOMAN
WONDER! STOP THE PLANE,
SWEETHEART, BECAUSE I
AM ON THE OUTSIDE
OF THE ROBOT PLANE
LOOKING IN!

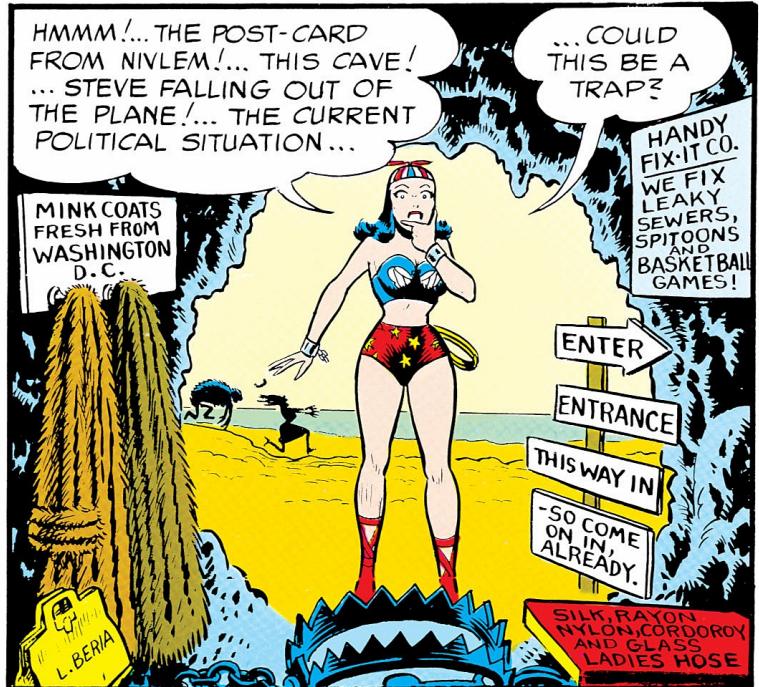
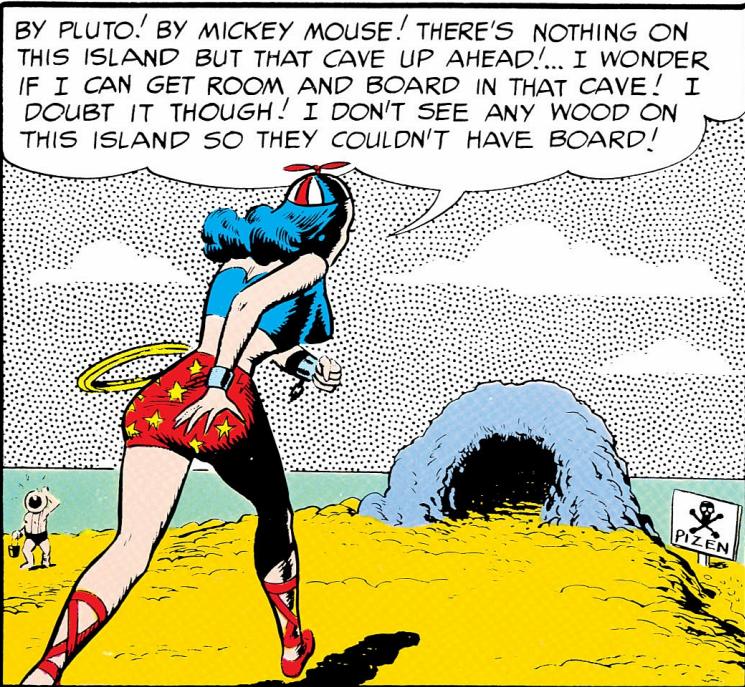
NOW ISN'T THAT
SILLY!...YOU COME
RIGHT BACK IN
HERE...AND YOU
SHOULDN'T SLAM
THE DOOR!



OH THAT RASCALLY STEVE ADORE! I TELL HIM TO COME BACK IN!... DOES HE LISTEN? NO! HE KEEPS ON GOING... STRAIGHT DOWN!... JUST LET ME GET MY MUSCULAR ARMS ON HIM!... THIS MUST BE KO-NEE ISLAND!

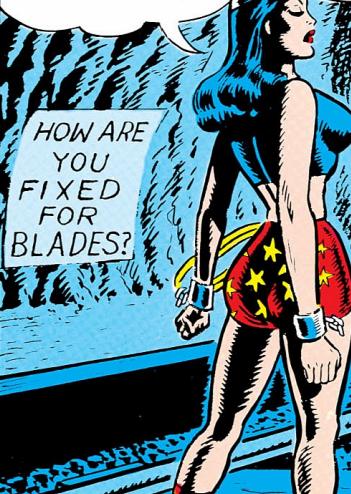


BY PLUTO! BY MICKEY MOUSE! THERE'S NOTHING ON THIS ISLAND BUT THAT CAVE UP AHEAD!... I WONDER IF I CAN GET ROOM AND BOARD IN THAT CAVE! I DOUBT IT THOUGH! I DON'T SEE ANY WOOD ON THIS ISLAND SO THEY COULDN'T HAVE BOARD!



BY NEPTUNE'S TRIDENT AND BY JUPITER'S JUPE!... YOU ARE NIVLEM, NO DOUBT!

WHAT MONSTROUS PLOT ARE YOU UP TO?
...YOU ARE GOING TO BLOW UP THE U.S.A. WITH A HYDROGEN BOMB?

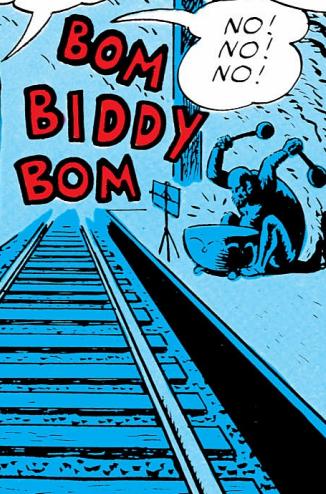


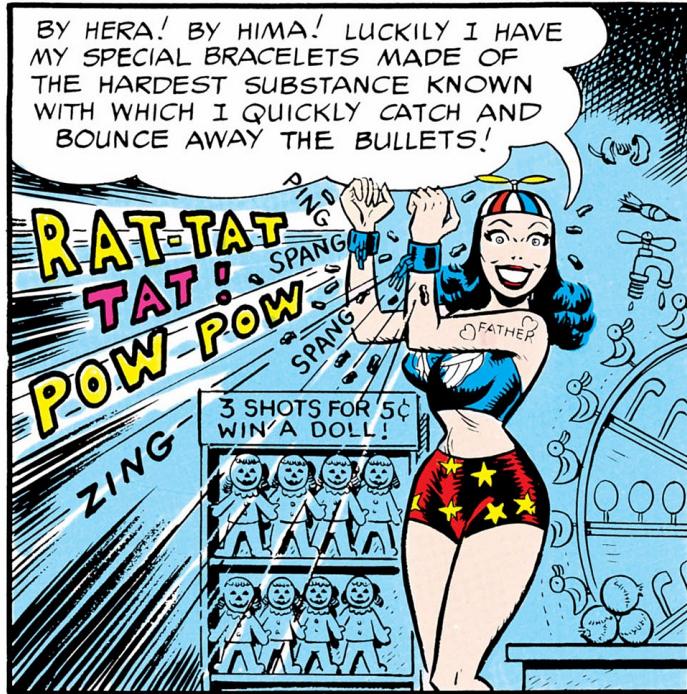
BOM BIDDY

...YOU ARE GOING TO SINK THE WHOLE AMERICAN CONTINENT UNDER THE OCEAN?



...YOU ARE GOING TO PULL THE WHOLE EARTH OFF ITS ORBIT AND SEND IT SPINNING INTO THE SUN?





BY NEPTUNE'S WATER-WINGS! THEY'VE GOT ME TIED HAND AND FOOT! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT FOR ME TO DO!... BY QUIETLY VIBRATING MY MUSCLES I CAN SET UP PLENTY POWERFUL VIBRATIONS!

